

Nineteenth Year---May 4, 1912

Los Angeles, California---Price Ten Cents

The GRAPHIC

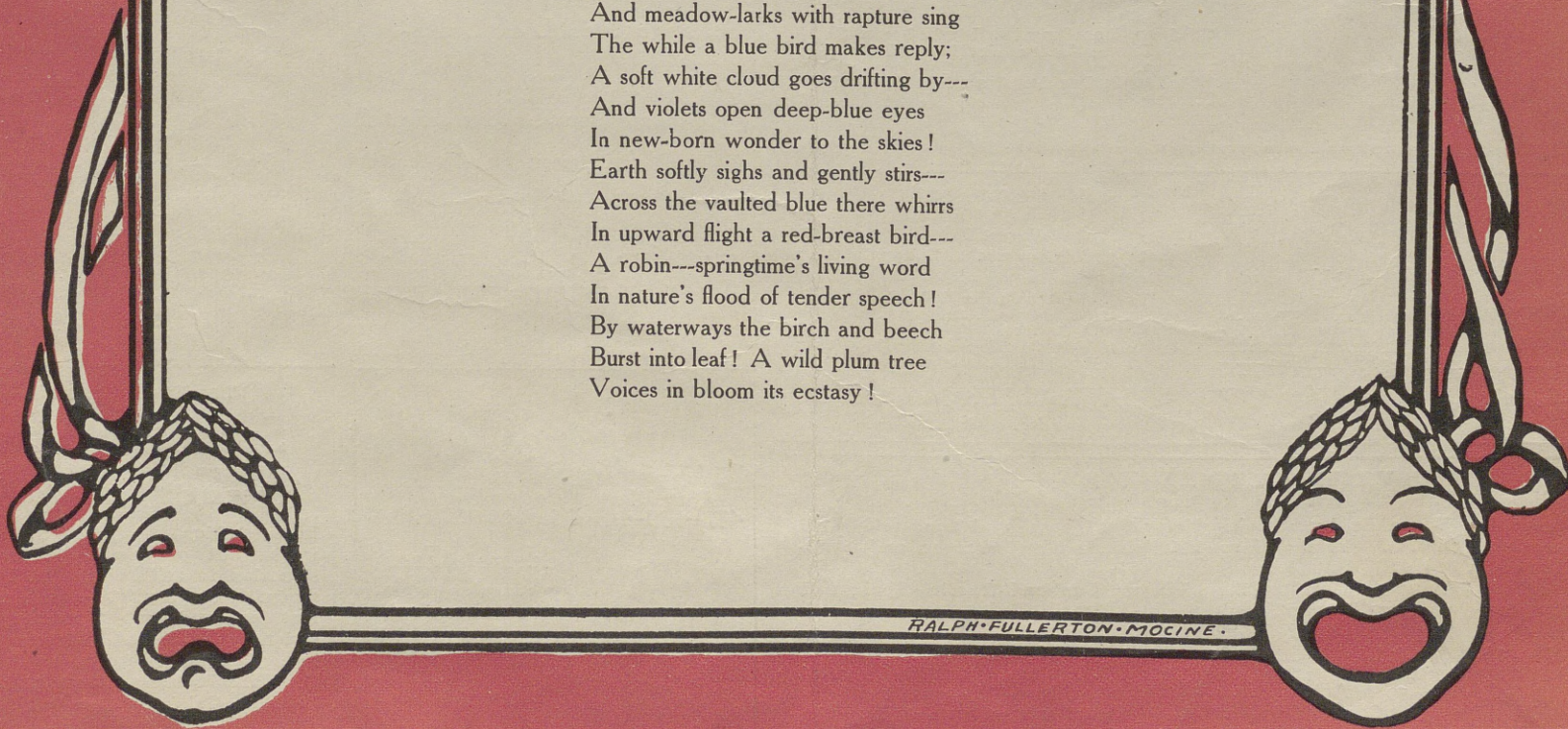


WHEN THE ROBIN COMES

By EDITH DALEY

Earth lies wrapt in dreams---asleep---
While tender shadows softly creep---
Ghost-flowers of yesteryear that come
When murmuring low the wild bees hum
In upland meadows, dewy sweet.
In wind-swept groves the trees repeat
What full-banked streams are whispering;
And meadow-larks with rapture sing
The while a blue bird makes reply;
A soft white cloud goes drifting by---
And violets open deep-blue eyes
In new-born wonder to the skies!
Earth softly sighs and gently stirs---
Across the vaulted blue there whirrs
In upward flight a red-breast bird---
A robin---springtime's living word
In nature's flood of tender speech!
By waterways the birch and beech
Burst into leaf! A wild plum tree
Voices in bloom its ecstasy!

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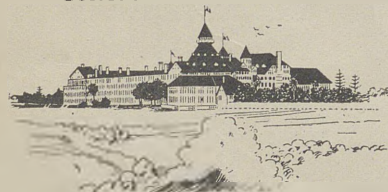


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THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, MAY 4, 1912

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NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



HEARST AS A PARTY TRAITOR

WILSON men in California are properly exercised over the unfair attacks on their candidate by the Hearst papers and in retaliation the governor's managers in the state have prepared a circular letter, to be given wide distribution, exposing the former treacheries of Champ Clark's chief backer in California toward previous Democratic aspirants. It is a strong, convincing document that should make every conscientious Democrat pause before deciding to countenance by his vote so pernicious an enemy of his party.

Heralded as an Iscariot who in the past has betrayed Stephen M. White, William J. Bryan, James G. Maguire, Franklin K. Lane, Theodore A. Bell and other party leaders the story of Hearst's selfishness, his rule-or-ruin policies, is revealed in graphic and forcible language, bulwarked by facts that are of so indisputable a nature that refutation is impossible. Charging that Hearst is secretly planning to get the vice-presidential nomination in case Clark is named as head of the ticket the open letter denounces Woodrow Wilson's vilifier as a traitor in every movement of late years to advance the true interests of the Democratic party and specifies the numerous instances in which he has betrayed the genuine leaders to whom he was inimical because they were not of his selection or under his control.

It is a damning array of serpentine acts that is set forth, well calculated to arouse any normal Democrat to a sense of the outrage committed by the saffron-hued publisher, who in his efforts to sneak into second place by foisting Clark on the party is playing the same treacherous game with regard to Wilson that has marked his traitorous course toward other worthy Democrats in the past. The moral is obvious.

HEAVY REGISTRATION AND WOMEN'S VOTE

FINAL figures compiled by the registration bureau of this county indicate that 230,562 men and women in Los Angeles county are eligible to vote at the presidential primaries May 14. Of this number 198,534 have been added since January 1, 89,720 being women. For the primaries, May 14, there are eligible 189,546 Republicans and 41,016 Democrats. But for the freeholders' charter election, to be held the same day, an additional hundred thousand or so in city and country are entitled to vote, making an apparent grand total of city and county vote of 345,776.

Considering that the gross population of the county in 1910 is given officially as 504,131 this registration betrays a marked increase in population in the two years succeeding. San Francisco's population at the same time is recorded as 416,912, while her total registration of women to date is only 26,570, about one-fourth that of Los Angeles. If the primary election

calls out 75 per cent of the registered eligibles we shall see in the neighborhood of 172,000 votes cast, of which probably 72,000 will be women.

Much stress is being laid by the Taft bureau in the state on the allegation that Roosevelt is "hot and cold" on the question of woman suffrage, Governor Johnson, it is asserted, being not one whit better. The latter is a palpable untruth, since the governor heartily countenanced the movement and indorsed the amendment from the platform repeatedly. Let us turn to the other side and examine the attitude of the leading Taft speakers in this regard. Former Governor Gillett, recently in Southern California, is notoriously anti-suffrage, his recommendation that women should confine their activities to domestic duties and let the men run the government, fill the offices and do all the voting having been a matter of wide comment. On this the Taft bureau is discreetly silent just now. Mr. Sam Shortridge, another of the reactionary speakers engaged in electioneering for Taft, is not especially conspicuous for his equal suffrage championship and other pro-Taft leaders in California are known to be equally apathetic on the question. If there is consistency in the women's vote it will be cast solidly against their political adversaries. We believe it will be. Of the 72,000 ballots likely to be polled by them May 14, we believe two-thirds will be for the colonel.

COL. ROOSEVELT'S RENUNCIATION

WITHOUT aspersing the motives or questioning the sincerity of Theodore Roosevelt, in renouncing the eight delegates-at-large pledged to support his candidacy from Massachusetts, we are yet moved to remark that a cleverer politician than the colonel is unknown in the country. He is facile princeps in his ability to grasp a situation and turn it to his political advantage while the opposition is still in a mental daze. Asserting that foremost of his principles is the belief in the right of the people to rule and realizing that the President leads in the district vote by several thousand, he cannot conscientiously take advantage of a technical indorsement, hence he must insist that the Roosevelt delegates-at-large transfer their allegiance to Taft.

This is not buncombe; the colonel is consistent in his attitude, even if a trifle theatrical in his self-denial, but, then, that is the Roosevelt way and a leopard cannot change his spots. We hazard the opinion that the waiving aside of these eight votes will restore to him ten times eight later on, in which belief possibly the colonel concurs. Whether or not the octette will submit to the waiving process is another question; there are evidences of an inclination to the entering of a demurrer to the shift and open rebellion. To these recalcitrants the colonel will presently address himself and we shudder to think what may happen to them if they continue to prove insurgent.

But aside from this sacrificial offering the moral effect of Tuesday's primary vote in the Bay state is depressing for Mr. Taft. Anything less than a sweeping victory in Massachusetts meant a blow to his aspirations. Considering his superb organization in the state, the brilliant and aggressive congressional delegation devoted to his cause, the beggarly four thousand plurality in a vote of 170,000 is tantamount to a defeat. Querly enough, while the total preference vote for Taft is 87,196 to Roosevelt's 83,241, the head of the Taft delegate ticket polled only 76,520 votes to 85,557 given the Roosevelt column. If the 2067 accorded to La Follette had been transferred to the colonel the latter would have led Taft in the state by about 500 votes.

Evidences of the Pyrrhic victory attained by the

President are seen in the report that in the eighth district, which gave him two delegates, he leads Roosevelt by only ten votes in each instance, which the proposed recount of the ballots may change. Altogether, Mr. Taft's position is in nowise enhanced by the Massachusetts primary, but rather rendered more critical. His candidacy, indeed, looks hopeless, all things considered.

GLANCE AT POLITICAL SITUATION

ELMINATING the New York uninstructed vote from the Taft column, but allowing the President all the contested delegates—a most liberal concession—the total number of delegates he can muster is 336. This is to include the eight delegates-at-large in Massachusetts instructed for Roosevelt, but renounced by the latter. To date, the colonel's total strength musters 282, La Follette has thirty-six and Cummins ten, which in the natural course of events are likely to go to Roosevelt or the dark horse, harmony candidate New York may send down the home stretch. This being the situation Mr. Taft still lacks 203 votes of the majority necessary to a choice, while the colonel is wanting about 257. Let us see what there is in sight in the various states yet to speak and the prospective accretions for each of the two leading candidates:

Of the Republican states there remain Minnesota, Washington, California, New Jersey, Ohio, South Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Utah, with a total delegate vote of 180. Besides these, Arizona, Maryland, North Carolina, Texas and Arkansas are to be heard from with an additional vote of 104, or a total of 284. Giving Mr. Taft twelve votes in Arkansas, eight in Maryland, twenty in North Carolina, twelve in Texas, twelve in New Jersey, thirty in Ohio, two in Idaho, six in Utah, and four of Wyoming's six he will be able to muster an additional 106, or a grand total of 442, while by the same process of reckoning Mr. Roosevelt with the remaining 178 votes will have a grand total of 460, or so close to a tie that the struggle for the one hundred or so necessary to a choice is likely to be of unprecedented fierceness.

In addition to the votes accounted for there are about 125 more unplaced or uninstructed and it is in the attempt to secure these unattached delegates that the fight will center. The foolishness of Manager McKinley's claim of an increased lead for Taft in every one of the Republican states yet to declare is apparent, in view of the certainty of California going for Roosevelt, with a like outcome in South Dakota, Minnesota, Washington, Arizona, Montana, and Idaho, and an even break in Ohio and New Jersey. Maryland will probably divide her vote. Texas will be strongly pro-Roosevelt and the alleged solid south shows signs of stampeding colonelward. Our early prediction of almost divided instructed delegations for Taft and Roosevelt is likely to come true. The fierce struggle that must ensue will defeat the aspirations of both, with New York cutting the knot by naming a third and winning candidate—Justice Hughes.

ISMAY AND HIS CRITICS

LET US be fair to the director-manager of the White Star Line, Mr. J. Bruce Ismay. From the outset The Graphic has contended that in thus electing to save himself he was not necessarily a coward, although he might be regarded as selfish, in view of the fact that a passenger in nowise connected with the ship should have been given the preference. But the preponderating evidence clearly shows that the Titanic's decks were regarded as far safer than the thwarts of the small craft, and that

not until the last boats were being loaded was there much uneasiness displayed by those left behind.

Throughout his trying position before the senate investigating committee Mr. Ismay has in nowise said or done aught that called for reprimand. What information that has been vouchsafed in regard to his personal conduct aboard the Titanic in those perilous last hours is to his credit rather than otherwise. He helped to load the boats with women and children is the testimony, rendering himself so officious in fact, that he invited the wrath of the officer in charge who resented the interpolated commands uttered by the managing owner of the doomed vessel. Thus far his conduct was irreproachable. It is alleged that he occupied a stateroom in the Carpathia when women were in want of a place to lay their heads. It now appears that the ship's doctor invited him to share his cabin which he did, retiring from view until New York harbor was reached, a sick man mentally and physically as we can well understand.

Naturally, he has come in for harsh criticism because so many good men are lost and he is alive. We will admit that the early evidence was against him, but as the testimony is weighed and considered his conduct does not appear nearly so unmanly as when the story of his survival was first printed. At that time. The Graphic urged that adverse comment be withheld until the explanation of his living presence was made. After reading carefully all the conflicting testimony we cannot see that he is proved a coward or wholly selfish. We should have preferred that he had been picked up in the water, rather than have been a boat passenger, but who shall constitute himself a judge in a crisis such as seldom comes more than once in a lifetime!

SENATOR WORKS ON "DOCTORS' TRUST"

DENOUNCING the American Medical Association as a "doctors' trust" Senator John D. Works of California has renewed his attack on the Owen bill for the establishment of a federal department of health, which, presumably, is advocated by the "trust" he excoriates. Originally, Mr. Works criticized the bill from the standpoint of the Christian Scientist, he tells us; since then it has been relieved of many of the features that were objectionable to him and his fellow Scientists, but he now proceeds to the discussion and rending of the bill as it affects the whole people and in doing so he does not hesitate to assail the motives and conduct of members of the medical profession in their organized form.

At the outset we find the junior California senator disapproving the practice of vaccination, which, he asserts, has "sacrificed more lives than it has saved," which is to ignore the statistics of the German army in which, by means of vaccination, smallpox has been practically eradicated in the last twenty-five years, or at least reduced from a fearfully high percentage of deaths from its cause to an infinitesimal figure. We also find the senator denouncing those serum remedies, which medical science has found so efficacious in the prevention of various diseases, as equally dangerous and loathsome and he charges the officers of the army and navy as being willing instruments to compel American citizens to submit to be poisoned in this way. These doctors who would force these objectionable remedies on their patients, declares the senator, are the ones who want congress so to legislate as to give them "full control of the medical, sanitary and hygienic activities and bureaus of the government that their power may be complete."

We wonder what Mr. Works has to say of Pennsylvania's comparatively recent experiences. Before 1905 diphtheria in that state was inordinately fatal; between forty and fifty per cent of the cases died, due largely to the terrible mortality among the poor. The state health department then began a campaign against the disease and in the succeeding five years it treated 27,000 poor patients, furnishing anti-toxin and physicians free, with the result that the mortality in that period was reduced to 8½ per cent. The result of the campaign has netted a saving of several thousand lives each year at a cost to the state of

about \$7 a head. These are facts open to the fullest investigation.

We have a high regard for the Christian Scientist and if he prefers to call in a healer to cure his child of diphtheria rather than to administer an anti-toxin that is evidence of a sublime faith, even though it may not save the child. Mr. Works, in his speech, points out the difference between the patients of medical practitioners and Christian Scientists in respect to this question of faith. He says:

The believer in the doctor and his drugs has faith in a human being and his means of cure, while the Christian Scientist has unshaken and supreme faith in the omnipotence and beneficence of the Divine Being in the healing of disease. I leave it to the candid judgment of senators to say which of these is more worthy of faith and trust. But the Christian Scientist does not rest on faith alone, but upon such understanding as he has of the power of God to heal and upon good works by which that healing may be brought about.

Senator Works says he has no animosities against the doctors, individually, or as a class, but as an advocate of medical freedom he wants all those who do not believe in the efficacy of drugs or in the services of a medical practitioner, but who do believe in another and different remedy to be jealously protected in their right of discussion. He quotes the Dr. Stanley P. Black episode as an argument against vaccination and uses this error of diagnosis—which was followed by reasonable preventives against the spread of the supposed disease—in denunciation of the practice in general, ignoring the magnificent work done by Health Officer Powers in the last ten years in Los Angeles. We do not question the senator's sincerity in thus inveighing against what he conceives to be a project that threatens the liberties of the whole people, but now that a bill has been framed that does not discriminate in favor of any one school of medicine we cannot see why there should be objection to it in view of the great need of a federal department of health, having a representative in the cabinet to urge the importance of the "newer social and economic" questions upon congress.

NERVE OF MOVING PICTURE OPERATORS

VERILY, the motion picture operators are not to be lightly disregarded in all future modern dramatic spectacles where formerly the ubiquitous reporter or war correspondent was the only source of information, aside from such official dispatches as the contending governments chose to make public. Of course, in emergency cases of unforeseen origin, such as the loss of the Titanic or a railroad wreck in the making, the cinematograph machines cannot get busy in time, but in all prearranged affairs that promise to be realistic the moving picture men are sure to be on the spot and at work, regardless of personal consequences.

These reflections are induced by the reports from Paris today of the dramatic slaying of Jules Bonnot, the "demon car chauffeur," and of his colleague, Dubois, leader of the band of automobile bandits whose operations in the last six months have created a reign of terror in the French capital. In this period their daring crimes have several times resulted in hand to hand fights with the authorities, in which the robbers have eluded capture, their latest exploit having dealt death to Assistant Superintendent of Detectives Jouin, killed by Bonnot last Tuesday, the murderer making a spectacular escape from his pursuers.

Since then the police and entire detective force of Paris have been tracking the twin terrors, finally locating the two leaders in a small garage on the outskirts of Paris. This building was surrounded, but from a window a steady fire was maintained on the attacking force. By means of a movable fort, the besiegers managed to approach the garage closely enough to apply dynamite to one corner and in the ensuing explosion the robbers were uncovered and shot to death in the presence of fully ten thousand spectators, whose craving for abnormal scenes for once was fully glutted.

What these Parisians witnessed at first hand Americans having similar morbid tastes presently

may view in the moving picture houses of this country, thanks to the daring enterprise of cinematograph machine operators, who, with a courage worthy of a less sordid cause, steadily continued to turn their instruments despite the proximity of the flying bullets, the progress of the movable dynamite fort being taken, we are told, in the midst of a silence that was broken only by the audacious click of the picture machine. What a tribute to modern commercial science! Hereafter, the battle that proceeds without the presence of an official cinematograph machine operator will be accounted a tame affair. Think of the testimony such an instrument might have afforded Colonel Roosevelt, for example, had it been in operation when he charged—did he not?—the heights of San Juan hill!

UTAH SETS A GOOD EXAMPLE

WE desire to commend to the attention of Governor Johnson and state executives elsewhere the procedure followed at Salt Lake City Tuesday in regard to the carrying out of the death sentence of a negro murderer. A marked feature—and an excellent one—was the exclusion of newspapermen save the one chosen by lot as representative of all the papers and news associations. Before being admitted, in the guise of a deputy sheriff, he was obligated to withhold his written report for twenty-four hours and then not to be given out for publication until it had been submitted to the state board of corrections and the county sheriff for approval.

Less publicity and more hangings might have as good result in this country as that policy has accomplished in Great Britain, where the newspapers confine their reports of judicial hangings to the scantiest of details. Over there a murderer is given a speedy and a fair trial. If he is proved guilty the home secretary rarely interferes, and only when the circumstances are such as to call for clemency on humane grounds. Here governors repeatedly exercise the pardoning power with insufficient excuse and in relieving condemned murderers they conspire to make a mockery of the law.

Four brutal thugs who were under sentence to die at San Quentin Friday have been given a four weeks' respite by the governor with no good reason therefor. They have had the full benefit of the law, their cases reveal no ameliorating causes for leniency, to the contrary the details present every reason why they should pay without delay the penalty provided for their crimes. If the United States is ever to curtail its fast-increasing annual list of murders it can only come when a proper respect for the law is enforced. Governor Johnson's act and others like it, at the behest of a few mawkish individuals, will not tend to diminish crime, but rather the reverse.

WILSON'S CHANCES NOT ENDANGERED

ADHERENTS of Woodrow Wilson in California and elsewhere need have no palpitation because of the Democratic preference vote in Massachusetts, which is of too negligible proportions to cut any figure in the present campaign. In a state which gave Foss 214,897 votes for governor last year, apparently not to exceed one-seventh of this total was cast for the two Democratic contenders, it being understood that the complimentary vote of the delegation will be given to Governor Foss on the initial ballot. It is significant that George F. Williams, Clark's manager in the Bay state, was defeated for delegate-at-large, all the Foss delegates having been successful. Their second choice is said to be Wilson.

Delaware instructed her six votes for Wilson at the recent state convention, in the face of strong claims made by the Clark bureau, which cheering piece of news, coupled with the assurance that the Massachusetts delegates-at-large will be for Foss first and Wilson next, is encouraging to the New Jersey governor's following in this state. Here the Hearst incubus is slowly but surely strangulating Clark's chances, the handicap being too great for the most popular of candidates to overcome.

In Southern California where the citrus fruit and beet sugar industries are naturally desirous of maintaining the status quo in regard to the tariff sched-

ules the pronounced free trade views of Champ Clark will probably result in a slim vote for his set of delegates, while the raisin, wine, hop, barley and nut producers in the more northerly counties will be equally chary in giving their support to one so radically opposed to their interests. Besides, it would be a tactical blunder to name Champ Clark since he will not attract any of the disaffected Republican voters, while Wilson can count on thousands of irreconcilables in the event that either Taft or Roosevelt is named.

MISSED THEIR FLAG IN FOREIGN PORTS

RETURNING from a twenty-thousand mile jaunt to South American ports, upward of one hundred citizens, representatives of as many different localities and lines of business or professions, have expressed their chagrin at their failure to encounter merchant vessels flying the American flag in any of the foreign harbors visited. To their own query of What is the Reason? they correctly reply that it appears to be the provisions of the laws "which prevent the acquisition of foreign-built vessels for American registry in foreign trade. This mandate, enacted for the upbuilding of American shipyards, has not resulted in the building of American ships for foreign trade. The cost of American-built ships, in comparison with those of foreign build, is prohibitive. They have not been built and in consequence our flag has practically disappeared from the high seas."

This is the argument which The Graphic has repeatedly made, and specifically so when that inspired spokesman for the ship subsidy grabbers, Representative Humphrey, was endeavoring to manufacture sentiment for his proposed beneficiary clients. How Mr. Taft managed to exercise enough self-control to refrain from naming Humphrey to succeed the late Justice Harlan is a mystery, considering his own mistaken views on the special-privilege legislation advocated by the Seattle man. Instead of building up our American marine ship subsidies would merely impose an additional burden on the masses without honestly adding one vessel to the fleet flying the stars and stripes. As we have before argued, you might load all the ships with subsidies until their decks were awash and then benefit the public nothing, so far as lowering ocean freights or materially restoring the merchant marine to the proud place it occupied on the high seas fifty years ago, or when the Walker low tariff law was in operation.

These one hundred or more passenger protestants are right in concluding that what is needed is the removal of the inhibitive laws which compel American shipowners to submit to the gouging which the unfair tariff on steel and iron imposes on home-built ships seeking to fly the American flag. Built at a cost greatly in excess of those of foreign bottoms—more than two to one—the handicap is too great to permit profitable rivalry in the ports of the world and so our travelers find the Stars and Stripes conspicuously absent from the ports crowded by the shipping of other nations. Only along our coast line is the flag a familiar sight. The sole remedy is the abolition of the pernicious high tariff on the materials entering so largely into the cost of shipbuilding or the rescinding of the prohibition upon the American registration of foreign built ships for foreign trade.

Place our American shipping upon an even keel with its foreign competitors, and travelers to all parts of the world soon will be thrilled and gratified by a sight of the glorious flag whose absence they now deplore. Briefly, the decline of the American merchant marine in the foreign-going trade dates from the beginning of the Civil war, when a large proportion of tonnage was transferred to foreign flags for protection against the ocean guerillas. Then came the change from wood to iron in shipbuilding, in which Great Britain led and has since maintained her advantage. With the noxious clause in the navigation laws inserted at the behest of the steel manufacturers, whose monopoly of material due to the excessive tariff has killed competition, the flag that

once flew in all ports is now woefully missing and the reason given by the returned passengers is the true one. The Democrats in control of the house have missed a great opportunity thus far in neglecting to amend the perniciously inexcusable laws that are chiefly responsible for the decline of American shipping on the high seas.

FAMOUS CARTOONIST PASSES

DISPATCHES from New York bring word of the death there Thursday of the well-known newspaper cartoonist, Homer Davenport, whose work in previous political campaigns—notably in 1896 and 1902—was of national interest. It was Nast we believe who exposed the late Mr. Blaine to ridicule by depicting him as the "tattooed man," which powerful visualization of the brilliant secretary's political weaknesses undoubtedly had a depressing effect on his presidential aspirations, costing the Republican candidate in 1884 thousands of votes. Davenport in a like striking manner originated the Mark Hanna \$-mark clothing and personified the trusts as rapacious giants with omnivorous appetites.

Following his successes the cartoonist paid more attention to the breeding of Arabian horses and rare pheasants than to his art and when by reverses of fortune he returned to the drawing board his former virility of expression and evidences of originality seemed to be lacking or at least greatly curtailed. Two years ago the cartoonist was seriously ill and came out to the coast to recuperate, for many weeks convalescing at Point Loma, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Spalding. A native of Oregon the artist, who was also gifted as a writer, cherished plans to establish an illustrated weekly in California and managed to interest capital in his proposed venture, but domestic troubles and physical weakness, the result of his long illness, precluded consummation of his hopes.

It is for his cartoon work rather than his short stories that Davenport will be best remembered and while he wielded a graceful pen it was his facile pencil that earned for him a national reputation. Coming down from Silverton, Oregon, to San Francisco in 1892 he drifted from there to Chicago and later made a place for himself in New York, his brutally strong, and fantastically conceived political cartoons revealing his greatest evidences of talent. Those of us who were intimately associated with Davenport, fellow-workers with him in Chicago and always friends, deplore the passing of this richly endowed character at the comparatively early age of forty-five.

VAGARIES OF VAUDEVILLE MANAGERS

RECENTLY, I saw a little play at the Fifth Avenue Vaudeville theater, that in the light of certain stories which have come to me lately, I found both interesting and surprising. A friend interested in vaudeville productions went to see the tryout of a new play. The play was good, it was beautifully acted and the audience manifested its approval in every possible way and insisted on a number of curtain calls. Before he left the theater my friend saw the manager and congratulated him upon the success of the new piece, but to his surprise there came a grouchy moan, "Oh, it won't do at all. It's no good. It makes 'em think and it'll take the rest of the bill to get 'em going again." The piece died its death after the week of tryout. No manager would risk a play "that made 'em think."

Recently Charles B. Hanford thought he would essay his fortune in vaudeville. He had a good play of the time of Napoleon. He was given a tryout—and made a hit as Napoleon, judging by the applause and the curtain calls. The next day he sought the manager thinking that he would only have to mention the route and salary he desired and the thing would be accomplished. Arrived at the office he found himself in the ante-room in company with a few acrobats and jugglers. After a moment he heard his name. He turned to greet an obsequious manager in his best style, but no one was paying any particular attention to him. Then he realized that the door of the inner office stood open and the manager was enquiring of his office boy if he had gone to the Hanford tryout the afternoon before. The lad replied with a laugh. "Went

but couldn't stay through. Punk! Not a laugh in it." Mr. Hanford did not stay to ask for his route!

And yet the play I saw "The Still Voice," is calculated to make 'em think, and it is not calculated to make 'em laugh. The little play is quite a family affair. It was written by Mrs. Sidney Drew and in the cast are five members of the Drew family, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Miss Doris Rankin, Lionel Barrymore, and S. Rankin Drew. Two minor parts are played by non-members of the Drew family. The burden of the piece is the part that conscience must play in a man's life. Matthew Steele, a hard man, as his name indicates, and a wealthy one, has but one thought, to make money. He has ruined his friend, Mr. Ferris, to prevent his daughter, Marjorie, from marrying young Arthur Ferris. He is not well and his sister calls in the doctor. The malady is strange. He hears a voice—always the same voice whenever he is called upon to make decision, and he is obsessed with the idea that some one is trying to persecute him. On the mantel is a fine old master, a picture of the Christ which Marjorie fancies. At times the voice seems to come from the picture and always it tries to come between him and his decision—but he will not yield to it. Marjorie pleads that she be allowed to marry the man she loves. Her father has enough money. Steele refuses, he will give her all the money she wants for her personal use, he will take her abroad, give her everything she wants except that she wants most.

He has scarcely announced his decision when the voice comes, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Arthur Ferris pleads for his father's sake, that he will save the old man's good name. Cruelly, Steele refuses. And again the voice crushes him with its spiritual denunciation, and tries to awaken in him a spark of generosity. It fails and then comes the cry of Extra! Extra! Mr. Ferris has killed himself and Matthew Steele knows then that in his heartless cruelty he is as guilty of murder as though he had actually fired the shot. Arthur Ferris comes to wreak vengeance, but the voice has already done this. "As he came so shall he go and what profit hath he that hath labored for the wind." As the young man rushes in with leveled pistol the great little rich man falls forward dead. The voice of conscience has been too much for him.

I wondered how such a play got past the man in the office who was afraid to put on anything "that would make 'em think" for the audience showed signs of thinking. So I was interested in what followed on the program to see how long it would take to get 'em laughing again. There were no big laugh makers after it, a singer of more or less sentimental songs, a mildly amusing sketch, rather remarkable Russian acrobatic dancers, and a somber sketch called "Everybody," modelled on the lines of the popular play, "Everywoman." The moral of which is that he who disdains Work and Honesty and Advice and takes up with Shirk and Pleasure and Luck will find his future in great jeopardy and Fortune very far away. Everybody, a fine young fellow, leaves Work and Honesty for Shirk and Pleasure, takes a chance with Luck and refuses to listen to Advice. Everybody's Future, a broken down wreck, intercepts him and warns Everybody that he is a reflection of Everybody who leaves Work and Honesty for Shirk and Pleasure. Everybody refuses to heed the warning, goes off with his boon companions, plays the races with Luck, and fickle Luck leaves Everybody for her new acquaintance. After Luck leaves Everybody sinks to the depths. His former friends pass him by except Advice to whom Everybody is now glad to listen. Advice brings him back to Work and Honesty, through whom Everybody finds fortune. The moral is so blatant that he who runs may read—it can hardly be called symbolic, it is self-evident and the audience likes it tremendously much as the same public likes the highly moral editorials in certain saffron newspapers.

New York, April 29, 1912. ANNE PAGE.

GRAPHITES

Look out for an influx of speed maniacs following the Santa Monica road race. That arch offender, Barney Oldfield, redivivus and restored to official favor, is to set the pace. It is a vicious type of sport.

If Hon. James Bryce, British ambassador to the United States, is recalled because of his failure to apprise his country that in the proposed reciprocity agreement with Canada the Dominion was getting the worst of it, Great Britain will be the loser. Doubtless, the ambassador supposed Mr. Taft was talking for political effect and in a Pickwickian sense only.

Curious Paris Business Methods Contrasted---By Frank Patterson

BUSINESS methods are so entirely a matter of routine and habit that we all think that our own is the best way and that there is something queer and erratic about the other fellow's way. One has only to travel about a little to realize that this is simply because we are accustomed to our own way and of course a little suspicious about methods in other countries which we do not perfectly understand. It is therefore not in the spirit of criticism that I note down a few of the things that have struck me as being queer over in France since I have been living here; and I recall in doing so the almost frantic fear I have often seen expressed by immigrants just arriving in America, their certainty that they are being robbed, and their painful and ludicrous attempt to understand what certain charges mean for which they were evidently not prepared and which struck them as being incorrect to say the least of it.

That is just about the way a person feels when he goes about renting an apartment in Paris. It seems so simple just to go to a real estate man and get a list of apartments, look them over, pay a month in advance and move in. But so simple it is not, not by any means. In the first place the Paris real estate man does not want to bother himself about any but the most expensive apartments. He has lists, but they are always old, and when you get to the address you are looking for the apartment in view has been rented six months or more. This is rather discouraging. After a time you learn that there is a guide published which gives a list of vacant apartments. Then the work begins. You drive around all day in a cab or a taxi only to find that just the ones you want are rented and the others altogether undesirable. After a long hunt you pounce on something that half answers your purpose, get the address of the proprietor and hasten to see him.

Then to your vast astonishment you learn the terms of a Paris lease, and a more absolutely brutal, one-sided affair you could hardly imagine. You must sign a lease for three years! You must put enough furniture in your apartment to cover a year's rent! You must pay a quarter in advance! You must agree to pay certain taxes which are really the proprietor's business. In other words you rent the house and pay a part of the taxes too. The whole thing, you see, is absolutely in favor of the proprietor. You can take it or leave it as you like. Most Americans think they are being "done" and go to their bankers or the long-suffering consul for information. They soon find that the proprietors have formed a closed trust, as absolute monopoly, and that if you live in Paris in an apartment you must submit to it.

You learn also that certain of the small apartments can be had on a one-year lease, so you start out to hunt one of these. At last it is found, but before renting it you naturally want to know what the extras are going to be. What are these mysterious taxes you hear about? Why do owners of new buildings just going up advertise so conspicuously "no extras?" Well, you soon learn that you cannot find out exactly what these extras will be or exactly what they are for. The native, being perfectly accustomed to this sort of persecution, thinks nothing about it but simply pays because he knows he must. So you make up your mind that it is not going to be serious and finally sign your lease in despair.

Your term is to begin October. You learn that the people who are in the apartment are moving out about September. Well, you think, that it all right; that gives them ten days to paint and paper and we can move it on the first. But you think wrong. It is the custom to move in on the fifteenth, not on the first. Your lease begins on the first but you cannot take possession till the fifteenth. You protest in vain. That is the unchangeable, invariable custom; the fact that you have fifteen days of expensive hotel living for which your proprietor does not pay has nothing to do with the matter. But you can do nothing but submit and you kick your heels impatiently for those interminable fifteen days. Then you move in,—and then you get another shock!

* * *

The apartment I took was supposed to be heated. October 15 when I moved in was cold, and there was no heat in the place. I inquired why and learned that the heat would not be turned on until November 1. That if I wanted heat before that I would have to pay extra for it. I said all right, I was willing to pay for it, the charge being set at sixty centimes a day. Then I learned that I could not have it anyway because the other renters of apartments above and below me were unwilling to

pay, and of course they could not start up the heat for one person. The matter of light was no less peculiar. I noticed when I first looked at the apartment that there was no electricity and gas lights only in the hall and kitchen. I found out that there was electricity in the house and if I wanted the apartment wired and fixtures put in I would have to pay for it myself. That seemed unreasonable, especially as I could not legally take the wiring out again, and my lease was for only one year. I suggested to the proprietor that I would be glad to pay half. He said no, not at all. If I wanted electricity I might put it in myself. If I only got one year's use of it that was my lookout. Well, I could not get on without it, so I put it in.

Then, when the time came to move in, I got a bill for my first quarter's rent. I was getting past the point of either being worried about things or getting mad about them. Otherwise, I suppose I would have been running to the proprietor, or the bank, or the consul, to find out what it all meant. For instead of the simple rent there was a charge, or rather three or four charges, adding up to fifty or sixty francs over and above what had been agreed upon! What for? Nobody knows! "Doors and windows" for one thing, whatever that may mean. But I could never find out what it did mean; I only know that the rent, including the whole list of extras, comes in regularly every quarter and I pay it like a lamb without having the least idea what it is all for.

When my first gas bill came in there was another shock of the same sort. In the first place there was a certain sum, reasonable enough, for the gas I had used, measured by a meter as at home; then there was a charge for "branchment," which I have found out, (or at least I think I have), means the care and repair of the pipes from the street-main to my apartment. Then there was another charge for each gas jet, one in the hall, two in the kitchen, one of which we never use because it cannot be turned on. But why should I pay the gas company for my gas jets? And why should I keep the pipes in this building in order? I am not the proprietor? (I wish I was. He is just a little king and has everything his own way!) I had these same charges for electricity. And although these extras are all very small they are none the less annoying simply because we none of us like to pay out money without knowing what it is for. But I hear from other Americans here that it is in all houses the same, so it is evidently a legal hold-up game against which one may protest in vain.

Now the next thing to getting an apartment is to find out where and how to get the necessities of life; and this has proved no less interesting and complicated than the other. There are two or three things that render it very difficult from what it is at home. In the first place the telephone system here is not only very expensive but very bad. After inquiry I found that a telephone in the apartment would be out of the question. This meant that one must personally visit the stores and do the buying. Then came the matter of selecting stores, and the natural thing to do was to find one near at hand. This brought to light the fact that the small shop-keeper, who has pretty well been driven out at home, is a real factor here; and a most uneconomic factor he certainly is! Of course, the rent he has to pay, and the small amount of business each one can do where there are so many, render it imperative that he shall make every cent of profit he possibly can out of every sale. Therefore, one must be prepared not only to be able to select the best quality of everything, but to know the price of it. There is a butcher around the corner where we started in to buy our meat. At first, we selected everything and it was very good, though we no doubt paid a higher price than the native. Then we began to have confidence in the man, and from this and other causes we took to giving our orders or sending them over by a servant. And it required only a few days for us to find out that our confidence was misplaced. The meat got worse and worse, the pieces grew smaller and smaller and the prices higher and higher until we had to give it up.

* * *

But what I ask myself is, how can the man possibly expect to keep his custom if he does business that way? And yet we have found that in all of these small stores it is exactly the same. Experience has shown us that the only way to get any satisfaction or anything like honest treatment is to go to the big stores. These big stores, which combine grocery, creamery, winery, butcher, etc., are certainly excellent; in ways better, even than the best New York stores. They are not so hand-

somely fixed up, but the stuff they send you and the way it is put up is more tasty. They have a way of getting the meat and poultry ready for the oven that is only possible to an experienced chef with all the tools of his trade. They interlard it with fat or roll it in a thin skin of fat, spice it and season it so that when it comes on the table it is perfect.

But then, even about these big stores, there are things that you have to get used to. The system of monthly accounts is not so much in vogue here as it is at home. Almost everything is paid on delivery, for the principal reason, I believe, that they have no system of checks here at all. If you have a bank account you may draw a check on it if you wish to, but it has its drawbacks. The first of these is that every check must be stamped, this being a sort of tax that applies to every sort of business paper including receipts which are not legal without the stamp (from two cents up). Then also the bank is not held legally responsible for the check. All checks may be legally paid to bearer, and even if a check is forged the bank loses nothing in paying it. Naturally, then, no one wants to write a check, and the check system is discouraged. The monthly account system becomes complicated for this reason. Instead of being able to sit down and write out checks for all your bills early in each month, the cash must be carried around, which is a nuisance. Also all things that are paid cash, and not receipted for, avoid the stamp tax.

Taxes here are high and unjust. The ordinary tax is made on the amount of rent one pays, and not on an exact percentage basis, but so as to favor the poor man. The poor man pays less than ten per cent of his rent while the rich man pays about seventeen per cent. This is in addition to the many little extras mentioned above. There are also the indirect taxes, internal revenues, which make life in Paris very expensive. The city is surrounded by a wall as in ancient times, and all that passes through the gates is looked into and taxed if dutiable. All kinds of food, including oats for horses, and also spirits, gasoline, etc., are dutiable. This, of course, works endless hardship on the poorer classes, but the city takes good care that the suburban districts shall not grow up, accomplishing this purpose by the simple means of providing no train connection or other good means of transportation. The only really down to date thing in Paris is the Metropolitan (underground) railway, and it was thought that it would be extended in all directions beyond the walls. It would be a blessing for the poor, but it would have meant an enormous loss of revenue to the city and was, therefore, not done.

Public feeling is very strong on this subject just now because poor people with large families have been unable to find a place to live. Proprietors of apartment houses will not take them, and the city does practically nothing for them. There is talk now of building cheap dwellings at national expense, but this will simply mean more taxes. What can you expect of a nation that will take up a collection to build a fleet of military air-ships, even accepting money from other nations for this purpose, and this while thousands of its poor are actually starving, while its police system is so bad simply for want of money that you can be held up in the street in broad daylight and robbed! Only since these numerous hold-ups have the police stations been provided with telephones, and even now there are no telephones on the beats, so how is a patrolman to inform his chief of any trouble? He dare not leave his beat and he cannot telephone, so there you are!

April 13, 1912.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Judge Dunne has sprung a surprise by declining to dismiss the pending Ruef indictments. Indications are that the refusal is based on technical grounds, through failure of the district attorney's office to state proper cause. We may get that precious autobiography yet. It ought to make spicy reading.

Let us hope that the Theosophical colony recently established near Hollywood, and sanctioned by Mrs. Annie Besant, does not indorse the malign teachings of Disciple Leadbeater of malodorous memory, whose conduct in India proved a disgrace to the cult that tried to palliate his offense.

Japan is placing coals of fire on San Francisco's head by being the first foreign country to accept the invitation of the United States to participate in the Panama Pacific Exposition in the northern city, which has heretofore accorded her Japanese residents cavalier treatment.

Sunset Club: What's The Matter With Our Newspapers?

[Papers read before the Sunset Club of Los Angeles at the April meeting, Friday evening, April 26. Principal paper was by the editor of The Graphic, followed by Mr. J. O. Koepfli and Mr. Harry Brook.]

IN responding to the invitation to state what, (in my opinion) is the matter with the newspapers, I assume that nobody questions the implied reflection contained in the postulate. I am here not to praise Caesar, nor yet to bury him with invective, but to dissect him, to wield a critic's scalpel on the journalistic cadaver and at this clinic reveal the cancerous growth that is clogging the main arteries of the modern newspaper.

Want of soul, i.e., lack of sincerity, of honest conviction is, to my notion chiefly the matter with our newspapers. They are flippantly brilliant, or brilliantly flippant, just as you choose, over trifling affairs, vigorous on occasions, when condemning a public nuisance or lauding a public benefactor, fairly conscientious when their private interests are not involved and mildly honest when they are, but as leaders of forlorn hopes, as Davids bent on slaying grim Goliaths they are woefully hesitant. The principle that demands a sacrifice does not appeal to the modern publisher, who is only rarely the editor, and when there's no money in it the issue is gracefully sidestepped.

If by any chance a policy in regard to a moot question proves temporarily unpopular, in rushes that alert young medico of the profession, the pulse-holding circulation manager, who raises his hands in horror and his voice in expostulation—it is hurting the paper! This immediately frightens the publisher, who at once instructs his editor—usually a hired man—to crawlfish.

Who can blame the owner? To him it is merely a commercial institution—an opportunity to get as large a percentage of earnings from his investment as shrewd management can devise. He has no traditions to maintain, no pride in the profession to cherish. If he finds his advocacy of a certain project or measure is contrary to the wish of the masses he can recant or retract with the agility of a trained acrobat and his editor is instructed to let the paper down as "easy" as possible.

That is why you, Mr. Observant Reader, have a feeling approaching contempt for your newspaper at certain intervals, as you realize, perhaps sadly enough, that it is wanting in character. And yet you are inconsistent, too. I have known of editors, really controlling the policies of their papers, who have gone counter to the wishes of the populace, on principle; who have fought with a courage and persistence in opposition to the prevailing trend and received—what? The bitter censure of a community that accuses them of being subsidized, of being traitors to the city, of working at the behest of selfish corporations. This—and I speak feelingly and knowingly from personal experience—when it was costing one editor I know upward of a thousand dollars in business a month to maintain the policy which was honestly conceived and from which he has never yet deviated, and in defiance of a selfish press that was bent on breaking him. The owners, the publishers of these Midas-swayed sheets emerged from the campaign I have in mind richer by many hundreds of thousands of dollars, achieved at the people's expense. The editor who was opposed to their cunningly laid plans was forced by cruel circumstances to still his presses. No matter whether he was right or wrong, he was honest he wrote every line on conviction that he is not yet proved wrong. All that he said of the motives swaying his contemporaries has been proved true.

But what avail? He was pronounced guilty, as charged, by those who should have been first to support him, knowing the peculiar mental makeup of his detractors and what they stood to win. But his attitude was at variance with their beliefs, so he was allowed to bury his ambition of a lifetime without a soul coming to his help; in many instances without even a kind word.

I have dwelt at length on this episode because it is illustrative of a point I wish to accent—that the average modern publisher is so little governed by quixotic motives that he will rarely come to grief through leading a forlorn hope. His aspirations are purely commercial and his paper is conducted to make money—honestly if he can, illegitimately if necessary. By that I mean through the espousal of questionable undertakings, in which the publisher is secretly interested, through the acceptance of advertising copy for fake promotion companies, quack doctors, clairvoyant announcements, clothing sales that are fraudulently worded, with intent to deceive a gullible public. In all these crooked transactions the paper that takes the money of the

sharper is as guilty as the tricksters themselves. Yet few denounce such chicanery as indecent and an outrage on the community. What pecuniary reward is here for the publisher with a conscience to abstain from such ways? If he is too particular, he fails, and is regarded with pitiable contempt rather than otherwise.

This may explain why the modern press is not too greatly respected, why its editorial utterances are examined through a magnifying glass and the real motives behind the words sought. The public has grown wary through experience and refuses to exhibit that old-time loyalty to its favorite paper that was a delightful feature in our fathers' days. Why is it that the editorial page fails to command the respect it once enjoyed? Because the man who is responsible for what is said is known to be unable to construct a grammatical sentence in nine cases out of ten. He is a "business" man or a rich man that primarily acquired his newspaper property to defend his devious course in another direction. Or he is obsessed with a tremendous ego and a long purse and is eternally prancing forth on the front page of his numerous publications to prate of his greatness, his wonderful prescience, to the disgust of all self-respecting individuals. This is what ails one type of newspaper you know and how an intelligent public can complacently accept such banal indecencies puzzles me—at least, it used to cause me to wonder. I have concluded that only a small portion is intelligent, i.e., discerning and discriminating. The large majority is stupid; it accepts the egotist at his own estimate and with staring eyes and hanging jaws, exclaims, "Isn't he marvelous!" And he is, too! the most wonderful of immodest pseudo editors, for, of course, while he poses as editor he never writes a line.

However, this is not to say his papers are not, on occasions, great newsmen, for they are. But, alas, like the cow that kicked over the milk, as soon as the climax is reached, then begins the inevitable anti-climax: How We did it! What Mr. Merchant thinks of Our enterprise! How Professor Drybones views Our work! The opinion formed by Mr. Realty Dealer, by Mr. Emporium, by Mr. Big Advertiser—their are usually all summoned, and with accompanying vignettes bow down in chorused approval before the self-confessed Titanic publisher. Isn't it a true picture? All this for the sake of having the public gain a right impression of the paper's greatness. As if true greatness ever yearned for a press agent to blazon its qualities!

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Then we have the partisan sheet, the paper that eternally colors its news to conform to the "policy" of the owner. I'll give you a ready illustration. Mr. Roosevelt carried the primaries in Pennsylvania not long ago by overwhelming odds. The paper I have in mind set up this amusing head over the telegraphed report of the landslide:

TAFT FAILS TO CARRY ALL OF PENNSYLVANIA—GETS ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF THE DELEGATES—ROOSEVELT NOW CREDITED WITH TWO-THIRDS OF THE DELEGATES TO CHICAGO FROM THE STATE—LANDSLIDE IS CLAIMED FOR THE ROOSEVELT FORCES.

How ridiculous is this manifest attempt to minimize the news in order to let the paper down "easy!" But the absurdity of the performance probably did not occur to the headline writer; his mind was solely on his job and he was in deadly earnest.

We have pompous publishers who pose as Sir Oracles. When they speak let no dog bark. They are offended if any public movement is begun without their preliminary knowledge and approval. Should any daring and ill-advised individual essay to go ahead without the publisher's O. K., the enterprise might as well give up the ghost sans any further struggle, for it will be damned by faint praise until it dies the death. I know a reputable business man in this city who had the misfortune to get into an altercation not long ago with a rancher with an ungovernable temper, so that he fell dead after the controversy, and his relatives swore that my friend's auto struck him down. The preliminary trial of the accused in the police court, as reported in one of our morning dailies, so palpably reflected bias that I investigated, only to discover that ten years ago the business man incurred the enmity of the paper's owner by insisting that certain fake advertising it carried should cease, which was done, but not until the M. and M. Association backed up the demand. For thus depriving him of income my friend was never forgiven, with the result that after ten years a chance to punish an honest man is offered and accepted. Nor is this an

isolated case. It is typical of hundreds. You who know more or less of this trait will not question the truth of the arraignment. This tendency is not general, but it is one of the most glaring faults of the publication I have in view.

Another paper is given to big headlines all out of proportion to the importance of the news, and with no attempt at consistency. I am reminded of an instance in which, the day prior to the blowing up of the Maine, one pernicious offender printed the story of a suicide pact on its first page and the type of the heading was four inches deep. Then, as a contemporary has pointed out, came the news from Havana harbor, and the editor to maintain proportion, called for the largest font of wood type in the ad room. One word filled the upper half of the front page. It shrieked "WAR" in red ink. As for the news, most of it was carried off to the inside page, where the seeker for facts found them if he was patient and persevering enough.

Partisanship, to revert to politics, is the bane of many of our otherwise dependable journals. In imagining themselves to be Warwicks these editorial "kingmakers" of America's have made lamentable failures of their self-imposed tasks. They may be long on ideas, journalistically considered, as a dear old mentor of mine has suggested, but they are egregiously short on intrigue. Take the George Harvey and Henry Watterson episode. Mr. Harvey is a most estimable gentleman and an excellent newspaper man, but his publication is believed to be owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, while Mr. Watterson has admitted that he has spoken for Thomas F. Ryan. Yet as the brilliant editor of the St. Louis Republic has pointed out, they have both given a pretty fair imitation of important personages whose feelings were hurt because Governor Wilson rejected their purely disinterested services. As a rule, the successful editor does not attempt to play politics. When he does make a foray of this nature he usually lives to regret it, and that soon. I am reminded that Thurlow Weed of New York was an editorial "boss" of great power, which is true, but old timers will tell you that his editorial work was only incidental. He was, first of all, a politician. Horace Greeley helped to defeat Weed, and yet after Lincoln had been made president, partly through his efforts, and Greeley tried to boss him, he was sent to his place by a communication as sincere, firm and eloquent as ever emanated from the White House. Poor Greeley! He made the mistake of his life when he temporarily deserted the tripod for politics. A worse-beaten candidate never headed a losing ticket! The editor man, like the cobbler, should stick to his bench. So long as he confines himself to suggestions, which other people may seize upon as their own, he is a public benefactor. When he attempts to dictate he becomes a tyrant.

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Among the exasperating faults of too many pretentious daily journals is a wretched disregard for the approved rules of syntax. One paper in this city that is a rank offender in this respect persists in verbal atrocities that are almost unbelievable. Splitting infinitives is a constantly recurring practice, but this is only a mild form of its linguistic sins. How can a well-informed reader have respect for and confidence in his daily paper that is perennially guilty of these lapses from good style? I hold that it is the editor's solemn duty to be ever on guard against slovenly English, since the daily paper so often is the Alpha and Omega of literature in many households, the mentor to countless readers whose only inspiration to better things is found in its columns. I hope, when Mr. Pulitzer's College of Journalism is well in operation, that the product graduate will eventually permeate the country prepared to give us a better grade of English than is now the rule. I'll admit that the hurried task of preparing "copy" is not conducive to the most finished style in the news columns, but when the same inexcusable inaccuracies are found on the editorial page, then is one warranted in exclaiming against such banalities.

I am not finical, I do not expect to see an ideal newspaper printed so long as the fountain head is merely human and prone to err, but I do want more accuracy in printing the news than we are getting in the main, a finer sense of what is due the other fellow politically, more repression of the ego, closer devotion to the public welfare than is readily apparent. A well-informed contemporary editor not long ago pointed out that the modern newspaper averages well up with humanity in the mass. He found them as bad as men are bad, and as good as men are good. In other words, they

take on the character of their controlling owners. Which is eminently true. The one my friend edits is as mug and as professedly pious as its reformed owner. It scourges sin with the expostulatory zeal of an evangelist; to its own faults of intolerance and Pharisaical complacency seemingly utterly oblivious. Another ventures as near the border as it may in treating of subjects unfitted for polite society, chuckling whenever it delivers itself of a pornographic bit that can be slipped into print under false pretenses. Its vulgarity in this regard faithfully reflects the low tastes of its responsible conductor; his tendencies in the course of time are bound to color his sheet. It is a toss-up whether that kind of coarseness is preferable to the vulgar injection of another owner's personality, with or without provocation. Chacun a son gout!

I hardly agree that the counting room now shapes the editorial policy to please the advertising constituency. My belief is that the average advertiser doesn't care a hang what the policy may be so long as the circulation is of satisfactory proportions. You may tread on his pet corns continually, and he will not whimper if you can fill his store in response to bargain announcements. He leaves sentiment at the curbstone when he comes down town mornings. Nor is he altogether wedded to the idea of the largest circulation being the most desirable. Quality as well as quantity counts and the newspaper that enjoys the confidence in a high degree of a select constituency not seldom is even more esteemed as a publicity medium than the irresponsible, flighty sheet whose presses turn out twice the number of papers. This is a worthy discrimination.

I suppose I run through, every day, from fifty to seventy-five exchanges, possibly more, and in all these I turn first to the editorial page. In this number I find perhaps ten that hold me long enough to take in a well-written leader, a thoughtful political argument or one of ethical trend, where the construction is beautifully terse, the English crisp and vivacious, the tone convincing, the logic irresistible. If the editorial page of the daily paper is not read as it once was, it is because it is no longer attractive except as I have indicated—in the ratio of about one in seven. Blundering argument, involved sentences, ungrammatical phrases and faulty logic are enough to give any man mental dyspepsia and there are many such editorial pages extant. Subjects that interest nobody but the writer of them seem to be the rule, and a breezy, witty disquisition on a topic of common interest the exception. I like a clean-cut sentence, a half whimsical point of view, a nice discrimination in the choice of words, a display of gracious tolerance in an editorial. It atones for many shortcomings in other directions. When you find such becoming more frequent in the daily papers then you'll discover that the old habit of referring to the editorial page is recurring.

Having vented my spleen in this manner in a strict adherence to the topic assigned me for discussion, I want to add that with all the faults indicated, the modern daily papers are far and away better in many respects than their predecessors of a quarter of a century ago. Their newsgathering facilities are greatly augmented, their mechanical equipment is prodigiously increased and bettered, their product correspondingly enhanced in physical attraction. Rivalry has given us these improvements, due to much larger population centers. Where one paper sufficed a community twenty-five years ago, three and even four now find a living, or at least, a footing, and in the struggle for place, in the effort to attract readers, no expense is spared.

Let us be thankful that neither Los Angeles nor San Francisco is handicapped journalistically in the way that the papers of Paris are restricted. In the French capital, with one or two exceptions, the advertising space in all the large dailies is controlled by a syndicate which rules the roast with an iron hand. Inasmuch as the publisher is at the mercy of this tyrannical power he must perforce yield to its demands, with the result that nothing goes into the paper that is displeasing to the syndicate; to get notices the advertising Gorgon first must be appeased. How is that for a monopoly? We have our faults of omission and commission, but heaven preserve our newspapers and our communities from a transcending infliction similar to that over-riding the fourth estate of Paris.

By J. O. Koepfli

TO THE query, what is the matter with our newspapers? the answer is returned—nothing is the matter with them. They are, generally speaking, very prosperous and able to make a huge return on the number of dollars invested in them.

We go to hear a virtuoso, because the newspaper informs us that the value of his performance is at the rate of two thousand dollars an hour. We admire a picture, because a thousand dollars a square inch is paid for it. We admit a man into our club, or even our home, because of his success.

We estimate worth by success and success in dollars and cents. The more figures the greater the success. The greater the success the greater the merit. Who will assert that there is anything the matter with meritorious success?

Of course, a newspaper, just like an individual, in its quest for success cannot hope to satisfy all the people, but it is always certain to adjust its policy in a manner that will in its opinion, secure to it the largest number of readers. The newspaper, therefore, is made so that it will appeal to the taste of the most numerous portion of the public which it reaches; and that is a correct business policy. The more readers the more advertising; the more advertising the more revenue; the more revenue the more profit, the more profit the greater the success. The logical force of this reasoning constitutes a complete vindication of the policy.

Our newspapers are neither above nor below the mean level of our community mind, but, in fact, are entirely representative of it. If the public demanded a literary pabulum, our newspapers would soon be replicas of the Paris Figaro. Were the greater number better pleased to read a paper containing only such news matter as would be of real interest to a clean, healthy and fairly intelligent mind, we would soon be spared our daily mess of noxious vulgarity, indecency and nerve shocks.

* * *

We being adistinctly commercial people, our newspapers, naturally, are purely commercial enterprises. When Pulitzer discovered the possibilities for revenue from advertising, based on huge circulation, the business manager became paramount to the editorial manager, because it was necessary to subordinate everything to the acquisition of a circulation of sufficient size to receive recognition from the advertiser. Such a circulation is not obtainable out of the more refined and cultured classes, but must be sought on a level where ordinary taste, or lack of all taste, prevails. In order to induce the public to allow its name to be enrolled on the subscription lists, all sense of proportion of the cost of the article furnished to its selling price is dissipated. The revenue from subscriptions is treated as a by-product, the advertising columns furnishing not only the profit but a part of the cost.

The German paper devotes proportionately more space to arts and letters than we do to crimes and accidents, and I am sure it is done by a higher-priced man than the advertising manager is. Crimes and accidents are reported but very little space is devoted to them, unless they are of special general interest, present an unusual feature or involve a psychological or other problem which is worthy of discussion. The dissecting of harrowing details and vulgar prying into and desecrating of private sorrow, is not required of their reporters. Society matters, such as court happenings, are reported, but in much less space and without the slush which is daily spread before us as so-called society functions.

Personal rights are respected and a clear distinction is made between public and private matters. To people in public life is conceded the right of privacy in matters not pertaining to their connection with the public, provided of course, that these personal matters are not of a nature justly and seriously affecting the individual's usefulness or character. I believe that to our failure to apply such a rule is largely due the difficulty we experience in this country to find men of worth who are willing to stand for public office. A man must be ready to accept any criticism of his public acts, but he is justified in refusing to subject his family to the humiliation which the license of our press may choose to visit upon him.

Foreign newspapers, mechanically, are white paper with black lettering printed on them. That our papers find it necessary, in order to convey meaning, to revert to picture writing, demonstrates, perhaps, more than any one thing at what angle they are shooting, and what level in the stages of human progression the public mind stands which they desire to serve. It has, for instance, never happened to me in a foreign land that at breakfast, while seeking news in a great family daily I was privileged to witness by means of photographic reproduction the bodily and facial contortions of a poor devil hanged to a telegraph pole. I also do not doubt that there are newspapers outside of this country which in their policy pursue lines that are dishonorable and which increase their own wealth by advocating what they know to be injurious to their fellowmen, but I do not believe that where it does occur those guilty of it would be tolerated if they dared to make the brazen admission made by a newspaper publisher to a gentleman, who repeated it to me. My informant is a man whose word would be accepted anywhere for the truth of the statement. This owner of a string of papers was recently requested to make a close study of the Aldrich bill and for the support of his papers, if it met with his approval. He replied: "I know all about the subject. I know that you are working on

right lines and I know that the bill, if passed, would accomplish what is needed in monetary reform in this country, but I shall oppose it." The reason he gave for this opposition was plain and frank. He said, "I have made millions of dollars by capitalizing prejudice and to support that measure would be against my interest in carrying out that policy. This publisher, of course, does not stand alone in his capitalizing of prejudice, but it seems to me that he does stand alone in his etfrontery of acknowledging it.

By Harry Brook

WHAT'S the matter with our newspapers? I will answer that question in one short word of three letters—YOU—Y-O-U. You who support these newspapers with your subscriptions and advertising, and then go around and curse their policy—you, and thousands like you, are responsible for these papers being what they are. They are creatures of yours.

We no longer have NEWS-papers. In the early days there were real newspapers—modest relators of the important and interesting news of the day, with a little varied reading "combining instruction and amusement" as the old showman would say.

Then advertising began to creep in, until now it has overshadowed all the rest. The advertiser not only occupies a legitimate field in the advertising columns, but he creeps into the reading columns. You cannot peruse a report of an automobile accident without learning that the machine was a "Tin-Pot Six Cylinder," and when a man shoots himself through the head, you are sure to be told that he performed his last act with a "Jones & Jimpson 36", or something of that kind.

Look at the Sunday sheet of one of the big papers. It is a literary monstrosity. You almost need a wheelbarrow to carry it home, and then it litters up your room, and you don't know how to dispose of it. It clutters up the beaches, and is a greater nuisance than the billboard, because the billboard does stay in one place. When you come to examine this freak you find it is mainly composed of colossal ads, screaming exaggerations, of crimes and accidents—murder, suicides, adulteries, robberies, railroad wrecks, automobile collisions, and fires, flavored with political scandals and society slush.

As for the supplement the less said of that the better. It is a hideous nightmare, wearisome to the flesh, and to read it is a mental exacerbation, while the so-called "art" contained therein is as demoralizing to the taste of the growing youth as the lessons these pictures convey to his morals. Who is responsible? You are. You and thousands of others who support these sheets.

In former days one might depend upon finding a fairly impartial report of the happenings of the day in the news and telegraph columns, however much the editor might lie in the editorial columns, which you could skip. Now even this resource is taken from us, for the local news and the special telegrams are garbled and poisoned to suit the particular tune that the "organ" happens to be playing at the time. Even where the Associated Press dispatches cannot well be changed, because it would be contrary to stipulations, and easily detected, the meaning of these dispatches is distorted by the able headliner, who often makes a dispatch apparently something entirely different from what it is.

There are newspaper men who may say that a thoroughly decent, respectable, honest newspaper would not pay. This is untrue. I am not a Christian Scientist, but I am free to admit that both from a mechanical and literary point of view, the Christian Science Monitor is the best newspaper I know of anywhere. Also, I am told that it pays. A decent newspaper doesn't need to be a "sissy" publication. There is a wide margin between a White Ribbon journal and a "Paul Pry," or a "Town Tickler." Decency does not necessarily imply dullness.

I said I would tell you what is the matter with the newspapers in a word of three letters, Y-O-U. I will shorten my exclamation to a word of two letters—W-E—for I, also, am to a certain extent guilty, in buying, and occasionally inserting a small advertisement in papers of whose policy I do not at all approve. WE, therefore, gentlemen—we, are the matter with the newspapers.

You may retort, "What can be done where all the papers are corrupt, or otherwise undesirable? We cannot well get along without them." In answer to that I say it rarely happens that all the papers in a city are equally wrong. Therefore, by selecting those which are the least objectionable, and explaining to them why this is done, good results may be achieved, by encouraging these papers and showing them that it pays to be decent and honest, and square with the public.

All this, of course, calls for self denial, and for a time, perhaps, a pecuniary loss. Is there any important thing in life that can be accomplished otherwise?

By the Way



Gala Week for Los Angeles

Los Angeles will entertain the largest crowds in the city's history the coming week, and already the city has begun to fill with visitors. About eighty special trains from east of the Mississippi are to deposit their human freight here beginning today, and the westward trekking will be at its height by Sunday evening. The night parade Tuesday promises to be of unapproached brilliance and the flower show is to outdo any previous display. The Kine-macolor people have arranged to picture the flower parade for show purposes everywhere, which will give the city one of the best advertisements it has ever secured.

What May Be Expected in Oil

E. L. Doheny and C. A. Canfield are to remain in Europe for several weeks, but as soon as they arrive home, investors and others may expect to see American Oilfields and American Petroleum, which have been apathetic of late, take on renewed lease of life. Both properties suspended dividend payment about two years ago and their funds ever since have been devoted to the clearing away of indebtedness. Now these companies are in good shape, it is said, and Doheny having made a remarkable profit in Mexican Petroleum it is believed that he is more than anxious to see his American properties return to their former investment prosperity. This may account for the marked activity in both issues this week. Mexican common broke sharply in Wall street, with lower prices apparently in view, but Los Angeles is practically out of the stock, with a profit in hard money, as was stated in The Graphic last week, of between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000.

Room Enough for All

Under one hotel roof—that of the Alexandria—were housed this week Governor Hiram Johnson, spokesman for Roosevelt; James N. Gillett, former governor, sponsor for Taft, and Senator Robert La Follette, who is touring the state in his own interest as a Republican presidential candidate. One day last week the same hotel registered Francis J. Heney and C. M. Fickert, who defeated Heney for the district attorneyship of San Francisco. Strange as it may appear in no instance was there evidence of embarrassed encounters.

Right Way to Treat Employees

One of those little things which lead to mutual esteem between employer and employee comes to light in connection with the Shriner's parades next week. The Los Angeles Investment company recently bought a large piece of ground at Broadway and Ninth streets. As soon as possession was obtained, plans were made for a grand stand that should seat hundreds of persons. Each employee of the company will be presented with tickets for the various parades. Arrangements will be made in the 13-story building of the company at Eighth and Broadway to seat the hundreds of employees of the building force and their families. This little \$800 attention will serve to knit still closer the relations between the company officials and its hundreds of employees. Charley Elder was a "working man" once, himself, and he knows what the other fellow likes.

More Power to the Ad Club

Apparently the Los Angeles Ad Club is making a big "go" of it. It has probably had more noted speakers address it in its two months of existence than any other local organization in all that time. I notice a number of my old friends on the club's roll. There is the brilliant Holt of Bullock's; the courtly "Doug" White of the Salt Lake; the affable Curtis of the Curtis-Newhall company; the clever Roer M. Andrews of the Citizens Trust & Savings Bank; my good friend Ernest Ingold of the Los Angeles Investment company, and practically every other advertiser of note in the city. The club has now under way plans for sending one of the biggest western delegations to the National Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, to be held in Dallas, Texas, May 19 of

this year. The members talk of dressing in white flannel suits, white shoes, hats and black ties. They will take with them a carload of oranges, three or four thousand Japanese lanterns, five thousand orange blossoms, in addition to thousands of pieces of literature contributed by various Southern California organizations. As I have pointed out before, methods should be taken to correct the many fake advertising schemes foisted on the Los Angeles public. This the Ad Club promises to look into at an early date; to secure the evidence, present the case, and if possible get a conviction under the California statutes. I hope it will win.

Notable Convention Next Year

Next year Los Angeles is to entertain one of the most important gatherings ever held on the Pacific Coast. The international meeting of the Y. M. C. A. will occur here May 8 to 12, 1913, and will bring to Southern California more than a hundred thousand persons from the four corners of the world. Arthur Letts is largely responsible for bringing the meeting here. Among those who will visit us will be preachers and laymen with a reputation throughout Christendom.

Sort of Blue-Black

Joseph F. Black, world's fair commissioner from Missouri, who was recently in Los Angeles, appears to have been one of the principal actors in the political "stunt" that focused the nation's eye on his state last week. A peculiar part of the story is that when here, Mr. Black was interviewed in the Express, where in a column story he declared that his Republican insurgency is true blue and that he favors Roosevelt for President. Back home, Colonel Black was one of the state convention floor leaders, in the interest of a Missouri delegation favorable to William Howard Taft. Col. Black's Los Angeles friends are rather surprised at his sudden change of front.

Here Is Los Angeles' Chance

Los Angeles really may secure control of the electric railway system operating exclusively within the city limits if the advocates of municipal ownership can arrange to bring it about. It is said that the result does not depend upon price so much as it does on the ways and means for financing the transaction. In other words, Mr. Huntington is willing to sell at a reasonable figure providing the purchase price is forthcoming without long delay. He is tired of civic conditions that have hampered him and prevented the expansion of his railway properties. If the city authorities are actually desirous of acquiring the Los Angeles Railway Company's properties, the present owners are ready to assist in the completion of the negotiations. While this is not in any sense an official statement, I am given to understand that it may be verified by any responsible person who takes the trouble to inform himself.

Local "Son" Honored

Southern California fared well at the last annual meeting of the Grand Parlor, N. S. G. W., held recently in Fresno. Herman C. Lichtenberger, who was elected past grand president, is deserving of the honor. He has been a member of the order for years and has always given to the organization the best that is in him. It is the first time in years that the headquarters of the order have been designated here, in spite of the fact that the organization has so many members in this section.

Bully for San Diego

I am asked by a resident of San Diego to give credit to that city for the remarkable display to be made in the coming Shrine celebration. At an expense of more than \$5000 the San Diego commercial organizations have sent here the floats equipped last year for commemorating the beginning of actual work on the exposition. In addition to the exhibit that will be a part of Shrine week, enthusiasts from the southern city have chartered the steamers Yale and Harvard which will bring hither more than a thousand passengers Monday and Tuesday of next week. No other city in Southern California has done more than the plucky city south of us.

Passengers for the Calling

When the steamer Sonoma called at San Pedro last week and took on board its quota of Southern Californians for Panama, the fact was recalled by several present that in the past the ownership of the line has not been inclined to look with favor upon Los Angeles as a harbor city. Time and again has the Pacific Mail Steamship Company been importuned to permit the port to have natural growth, with a request for ordinary legitimate assistance, but without avail. Now the company sends all of its fleet leaving San Francisco into San Pedro harbor, and the business already has proved worth while. To this time three steamers have made local

stops, and in each instance there have been passengers as well as freight taken on board and discharged here. Aboard the Sonoma was Dr. Walter Lindley who headed a delegation of prominent members of the medical profession which is making the Panama trip for the purpose of studying sanitation in the tropics. The investigators will be away about six weeks.

Thompson to Take His Medicine

Fred H. Thompson, former attorney, has decided to take the eight-year sentence imposed by Judge Wellborn, and has recalled his appeal. Less than two years ago Thompson was in good repute, with a large practice, which while not the most exclusive, was desirable from a pecuniary standpoint. He had been a Southern Pacific trainman and his former associates lost no opportunity to send him business. In a weak moment he robbed one of his clients—a thief who had stolen government funds. Good behavior will reduce Thompson's sentence about two years.

Greene Sonora Holdings Sold

Heirs of the late Col. W. C. Greene, who made the Cananea copper section famous, have sold their cattle and other properties in Sonora, the purchasers being a syndicate of Los Angeles and eastern capitalists. The price paid is said to have been \$400,000, and most of the money will eventually find its way here, where a large part of the Greene fortune has been invested by the heirs of the dead copper magnate.

Police Board's Good Work

Commendation is due the police commission for having ordered the preparation of a city ordinance that will make it a felony to charge usurious rates of interest in Los Angeles. Alleged loan merchants, who do business on a five per cent a month basis, have been thriving in the community for years. The daily papers carry columns of advertising for these philanthropists who promote the idea of easy money upon household goods and similar chattels in unexpected places. This city is known to the profession as one of the "easiest" in the United States.

Campaign Canard Overtaken

I regret to see in the Brooklyn Eagle evidences of strained relations between two excellent Los Angeles women, at least one is still a resident, the other, Dr. Dorothea Moore, wife of our former city superintendent of schools, is now with her talented husband at New Haven. Dr. Moore returned from a visit to California to tell of Mrs. Caswell's conversion to the cause. The local leader of the antis was immediately queried by her anti-sisters in the East and she responded that it was not so. She had not recanted but was as resolute—as "vehement" is her expression—an anti-suffragist as ever. Another campaign canard overtaken!

Sterling Character Gone

Just a word of tribute to my old friend Major Robert Dollard of Santa Monica who replied "Here!" to the call of the Great Commander this week. I first met the Major years ago in the territory of Dakota, before the two states were formed, when I was publishing a nonpareil paper in a small pica town and learned to love and value him for his sterling qualities, his fine Christian character, his manly conduct on all occasions. Santa Monicans had likewise learned to admire him in the ten years of his local residence and his passing is genuinely mourned.

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Music

By W. F. Gates

It is well, perhaps, to learn what kind of a musical critic one is fooling with before one plays too much with the trigger. Of course there are weak sisters in the "critical" ranks, not to be taken at all seriously. But there are others. Recently, Jaroslaw Zielinski arrived at the office of the local musical paper in a great state of perturbation over what Editor Colby had said about Debussy, a while back. "Put it down," said the publisher; "we'll print it." So out comes Zielinski's article in which he says: "The western critic has not grasped the condition of affairs in musical art, so we hear from him of Richard Strauss, of Brahms, of Bruchner, but never a word about the great masters of Russian and French descent; they do not interest said critic, for their language is not 'made in Germany.' Of course not!" This arouses Mr. Colby's "dander" and he retorts with a two-column editorial in which he quotes notable names of men who label Debussy, as "a trial," "tortuous harmonies," "kaleidoscopic jumble," "non-committal," "both feet in the air," "extravagant claims," etc., in extenso. Mr. Colby mildly states that his impression of Debussy's music is "an aimless meandering into many unrelated keys and claiming no known mode for its expression." It is interesting to note that the Los Angeles daily press has one writer who can speak concerning music from the musician's viewpoint. In this case the militant Zielinski (he served in the Fourth Massachusetts cavalry) fooled with a gun that was loaded. It will be interesting to see which way the "cheval de bataille" will jump next.

Taken as a whole, the program of the Ellis club last Thursday night almost, if not quite, reached the high water mark of that society. The program was well selected, presenting a wide variety of styles of choral composition, was sung with few noticeable slips, and brought forward soloists of unusual attainments. This, in conjunction with the magnificent audience which nearly filled the Auditorium gave the occasion a gala atmosphere. A repetition of Bullard's "Sword of Ferrara" opened the program which, by the way, was peculiar in that it opened with this dramatic chorus, in itself fitting for a climax, and closed with a religious Netherland folk song, sung in unison. One would have expected the contrary arrangement. With some choruses the admonition "Let the congregation escape tribulation" would have been more fitting given at the opening of the program; but, of course, it is not to be suggested in this connection. Not to mention two or three minor numbers probably included to please the sentimentally inclined, the singing of Mohr's "To the Genius of Music," with soprano solo and male quartet incidentals, Brewer's "Birth of Love" and two of the four arrangements of Cadman's "Indian Songs" are to be noted as the most pleasing numbers. The later, "The Lover's Flute" and "The Moon Drops Low," lent themselves beautifully to the interpretative abilities of the club, under Mr. Poulin. The above mentioned suggestion for the congregation to escape left the program without its usual climactic effect at the close. The soloists were Hortense Paulsen, of London, and Gertrude Cohen, recently returned from study and concertizing abroad.

Incidental solos were given by Roland Paul and another, unprogrammed, singer. Mrs. Paulsen proved one of the most satisfactory singers heard on this stage for many a day. Her voice is of ample proportions, firm, clear and sure and she sings with intelligence and sentiment. What more would you? The first few tones made one sit up and take notice that here was something unusual, an artist with a complete equipment. Arias from "Aida" and "Tosca" with Italian and English songs proved her equally satisfactory in various styles of composition. Miss Cohen was given a warm welcome. Los Angeles has watched her career with interest, knowing her talent and tireless application to her art studies. She has "made good" in larger and more musical cities and it is no wonder that her excellent piano playing on this occasion was the subject of unstinted applause.

It was a pretty recital that Bessie Chapin offered a house full of admiring friends, at the Gamut club Wednesday night week. She recently returned from two years' under Marteau



Alexander Heineman

and on this occasion gave a good account of her violin studies with that master. She played a Bach concerto, a "Meditation" by Tschaiakowsky, two dances by Kreisler, a "Humoresque" by Kocian and one of Sarasate's Spanish dances. Miss Chapin was a favorite violinist in society circles before her European study; now she bids fair to become a favorite on the broader field of professional art, where her personal charm will count for much, but her artistic ability will stand her better in hand. She has laid up a store of solid technic, shown in her Bach, and a brilliancy of style as exemplified in the Sarasate number. Mrs. Estelle Dreyfus lent her popular vocal assistance, singing with an unmistakable artistic spirit. She was heard to better advantage in the Cornelius and Lambert songs than in the St. Saens aria. The accompanist was Solmie Heilbronner, whose work proved him that rare bird a pianist ready to sink his own personality in that of the artist he accompanies, even too much so at times. Yet this is so rare a fault that it almost becomes a virtue. Miss Chapin is to be congrat-

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ulated on the success of her artistic debut and her choice of assistants.

Mrs. Henry Wiltse, formerly Miss Rank, gave a song recital at the home of her teacher, Mrs. Roth Hamilton, last week, in which the young singer did credit to her teacher and to her mother's instruction. The latter has sung in several Los Angeles choirs with success, formerly being at Trinity M. E. church. Mrs. Wiltse's program included songs from Dell'Aqua, Adams, Meyerbeer, Liszt, Thomas and others.

At the Woman's club house Estelle Heartt Dreyfus gave a song program Friday of last week, in which she offered several unusual numbers and again proved herself a program maker of originality and discrimination.

Last night the vocal teacher, Pietro Buzzi, presented a number of pupils in a song program at Starr hall. Nearly twenty pupils took part and exemplified their teacher's method of singing. A number of operatic selections were given.

Mrs. Charles G. Stivers substituted in the soprano role in "The Creation" at Pomona, last week, on short notice and filled the place with all acceptance.

Sibley Pease gave an organ recital at the Westlake M. E. church last Sunday evening.

At the Gamut Club this week the regular dinner was omitted and a musical program substituted by the Germania turnverein singing society, under Henry Schoenfeld, the composer, who is a member of the club. Several of the numbers programmed were German folk-songs. Oscar Seiling, violinist, gave several compositions. The accompanist was Ruth Snow. The Gamut hospitality was extended after the close of the program in the way of a social dance and a Bohemian lunch.

George Schoenfeld, son of Henry Schoenfeld, the conductor and composer, is back from two years' study in Germany, where he delved into music and painting. He is highly talented in both directions.

Last night the deferred program of Richard Lucchesi and pupils was given at the Friday Morning club house. Mr. Lucchesi also had the assistance of Mr. Demangane, of the recent and unfortunate French opera company, Mrs. Menasco, cellist, and others. Four numbers by Mr. Lucchesi were programmed and one by Count von Schmidt.

Friday night was prolific of pupils' recitals. The Fillmore school gave a long program at Blanchard hall in which pupils of T. H. Fillmore, Madge Patton, Clara Baldwin, Clarence Cook and N. L. Ridderhoff were presented. There was an unusual array of talent on the program and much variety of selection.

Hans Mettke, violincellist, was the recipient of a benefit program at the Walker theater last Tuesday. The soloists were Mrs. Mabee, soprano, Marcel Meyer, violinist, Alta Seamans, reader, E. B. Valentine, violinist, and Vreda Ellmore, accompanist. Also, the boys' band of the McKinley Home played several numbers, led by George Isbel.

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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. 03814
April 3, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that George W. Morrison, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on May 3, 1896, made Homestead Entry No. 1164, Serial, No. 03814, for NE¼ SW¼ NW¼ SE¼, Section 24, Township 1 N., Range 18 W., S. E. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five years Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 15th day of May, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses: Reuber Holman, Thomas Velarde and Posey Horton, all of Calabasas, Cal.; Frank M. Allender, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.
General Exhibitions—Blanchard Gallery.
John Donovan—Daniell Gallery.

May ushers in the closing month of the art season in local galleries. Too often this last effort to interest the public in matters of art proves a hapless failure and the general finale anything but auspicious. The last winter has brought forth more individual exhibitions of paintings than any previous year in the memory of our oldest citizens. Art clubs have been organized and exhibits held which have attracted wide attention. The California Art Club has held a general salon and also a sketch show and now is once more before the public in a fine showing at the Friday Morning club house. "The Students' League," "The Palette Club," "Los Angeles School of Art and Design" and the "College of Fine Arts, U. S. C." The collection of work by local sculptors and painters, which was a unique feature of the Architectural exhibit, brought forth good work in paint and clay, and together with the many one man shows and the general collections seen from time to time at the Daniell and Royer galleries, the winter has been one long to be remembered in local art history.

Just now all interest centers at Blanchard Art Gallery where for the next three weeks can be seen the Thirteenth annual exhibition of work by southwestern painters. These annual salons under the direction of F. W. Blanchard have been the chief art event in Los Angeles for many years. In participating in this annual event Mr. Blanchard allows the artist to cooperate in such a manner that all feel a sense of personal responsibility in the artistic success of the showing. The art lover and the connoisseur can follow the development of western art by carefully noting these worthy showings and the art student is afforded a rare opportunity to form a comparison by seeing the efforts of so many painters hung side by side. Many sincere workers who have not reached the stage in the development of their art that is an open sesame to the guarded ranks of those who have "arrived" are offered at this time an equal chance with local masters. By allowing these to hang their best canvases the lesson learned is of the utmost value, for they can see their errors when set beside the work of stronger men in a way that will set their feet in right paths. Many workers of merit have no other opportunity through the year to show their productions, and Mr. Blanchard maintains this general exhibition largely for their benefit. Of course, all progressive artists are anxious to aid in such a cause and the present showing includes all of our best artists with the exception of one or two who are particularly conspicuous by their absence from the showing. The exhibition opened Friday night with a reception and private view which was a brilliant affair in every way. Wednesday, from 3 to 5, Mr. Blanchard entertained several hundred members of the local press with a private view of this excellent showing.

Of course, in so large a collection, all work is not of equal merit, but the general tone is by far the best ever seen in Los Angeles. For the most part the canvases hung have not been shown before. Many new painters of strength are introduced into the field

of local art for the first time and all should see their work. The following is an official list of the exhibitors and the titles of work shown: H. T. Jenkins (Pomona), "The Wash in May, Lake Como;" Karl Yens (Pasadena), "Under the Western Sky;" O. G. Ventress (South Pasadena), "Peaches and Grapes;" Eugene C. Frank (Glendale), "Close of Day;" Verna W. Simmons (late of Paris), "Portrait;" Ralph Fullerton Mocine "The Lake," "The Boat," "Doorway, Toledo;" Joseph Greenbaum, "The Cloud," "The Desert," "Catalina;" Jessie M. Washburn, "Pont du Cheval," "The Finishing Touch;" Conway Griffith (Laguna Beach), "Cloudy Summer," "Mowing;" Susie May Berry Dando (Venice), "Violets;" Helen E. Coan, "San Pedro Harbor," "Rainy Twilight," "Capistrano;" Raffello Montalboddi (Pasadena), "Portrait Princess V—," "Cock;" Elizabeth Borglum (Sierra Madre), "Dawn," "Late Sunset," "Cattle Pasture;" C. Harry Allis (Long Beach), "Forest of Fontainebleau," "Beach Woods;" Granville Redmond (Menlo Park), "Where Smiles the Cup of Gold," "Evening," "Early Moonrise;" Frederick R. Miner, "Where All the Prospect Pleases," "Sycamores and Brook;" James E. McBurney, "After the Storm," "Evening Glow," "Blossoms and Snow;" Mary C. Haddock (Alhambra), "October Birches," "A Gray Day," "The Maine Coast;" Frank Coburn, "Three Brothers," "Late Afternoon;" Martin J. Jackson, "Pacific in Repose;" Ralph Davison Miller, "The Portal of Night;" Jack C. Okey, "El Aroyeto;" Fannie Duvall, "Pont Notre Dame;" Margaret Taylor, "Portrait of Mrs. Kenneth Preuss;" W. R. Eaton (Santa Monica), "Early Evening," "Jonathan Apples;" Helma Heynsen Jahn, "Portrait of Mr. Geo. H. Bixby;" Esther Crawford, "Eucalyptus Trees," "Reflections;" Max Wiczorek, "The Pergola," "Eucalypti;" Chas. A. Rogers, "A Social Call," "Old Mill;" Ernest B. Smith, "Surf at Twilight," "Starlight;" Leta Horlocker, "Red Gums," "Dry Mustard Stalks," "Chrysanthemums;" Detlef Sammann, "Nude;" Antonia Melville, "Ideal Portrait;" Lillian Drain, "Nude;" Nell Brooker-Mayhew, "Landscape;" Will E. Chapin, "Dispatch Bearer." The gallery is open daily from 10 to 5. Detailed review next week.

Thursday evening, May 2, the California Art Club formally opened its third and last exhibition for the season at the Friday Morning club house with a reception. An invitation was extended by the art committee of the Friday Morning Club to the California Art Club to hold an exhibition in the club auditorium, covering a period of thirty days. After a decision the Art Club accepted and as a result a worthy showing by members is now hung. The jury of selection consisted of Wm. Wendt, Franz Bischoff, Aaron Kilpatrick, Jack W. Smith, and Chas. P. Austin. This collection will receive notice next week.

William Swift Daniell will continue his interesting exhibitions in the Copp Building for another month, closing June 1, instead of May 1 as was his original intention. Many well selected works are to be seen in Mr. Daniell's atelier. In gallery A-B are to be seen a general collection, including work by Ben Foster of New York; W. C. Stevens of Worcester, Mass., Eugene C. Frank, Chas. A. Rogers, H. R. Poore, C. Harry Allis, H. W. Faulkner,

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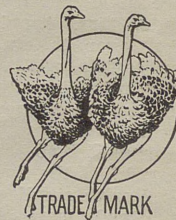
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and W. A. Heath. A group of long-shore marines and sparkling watercolors from Mr. Daniell's own facile brush are also hung and add much to the interest. In Gallery C, Benj. C. Brown's collection is still on view, and in Gallery D, that of Elizabeth Borglum may be seen. Beginning Monday, John Donovan will hold a special exhibition of marines in these galleries.

Helen C. Chandler will hold an exhibition at the Royer Gallery, beginning June first.



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Social & Personal

Formal announcement is made by Mrs. Wellington Burke of 3003 Hall-dale avenue of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Ruth Lucile Burke, to Mr. Stuber Biddle Stephens of Kansas City, Mo. Miss Burke, who has lived in Los Angeles since childhood, is an attractive and talented girl who has many friends both in society and artistic circles. She was educated in this city. The announcement of the engagement culminates a romance which had its beginning several years ago while the bride-elect was visiting in Kansas City, Mo., her former home. Mr. Stephens, who is a graduate attorney, having been admitted to practice before the Missouri and Kansas state bars, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. David Stuber Stephens of Kansas City, Kansas. He is a graduate of the Kansas City University of which his father, Dr. Stephens, is chancellor. Mr. Stephens is president of the Stephens Gas and Electric Appliance Company of Kansas City, Mo., and is prominently identified in business circles of that city. No date has been announced for the wedding as yet, but it will probably take place in June.

Mrs. Sidney Lee Grover of South Burlington street gave one of the prettiest affairs of the season yesterday afternoon at Hotel Alexandria when she entertained with a bridge tea for Mrs. W. A. Morehouse, who is soon to go east, and for Mrs. Otto Arnold, who is planning to tour Europe. Covers were laid for forty guests, five tables being arranged. These tables were presided over by Mrs. Grover, Mrs. Morehouse, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. George Henderson McGinnis, and Mrs. Lewis Parker Adell. Decorations for the tables were in keeping with the color of the hostesses' gowns. Mrs. Grover wore ivory white satin, made in the new pannier fashion, with a touch of color given by a cluster of American Beauty roses. Mrs. Morehouse wore pale green chiffon over orchid shade, Mrs. Arnold wore pale blue chiffon over taffeta, Mrs. Adell wore green taffeta with deeper green trimmings, and Mrs. McGinnis was gowned in lemon colored messaline. Each hostess' place was marked with a water color sketch to harmonize with her gown, while the guests' places were marked with small cards bearing witticisms. Cards were played at nine small tables, and prizes were handsome cut glass bowls.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sartori and their daughter, Miss Juliette Boileau, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, left Los Angeles this morning for New York, from which port they will sail May 14 for Europe, where they will pass the summer, returning to this city about September. Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet and Mr. Alfred Wilcox were to have sailed with the party, but are prevented by Mr. Wilcox's serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Off of 104 North Union avenue are giving a Dutch supper this evening, for which covers will be laid for nineteen. The centerpiece for the table is a little Maypole, with tiny Delft figures holding the ribbons. Dutch figures are to be used for place cards, and little Dutch shoes will serve as bon-bon dishes. After supper cards will be enjoyed. Those who will enjoy the quaint affair are Mrs. K. Maranville, Judge and Mrs. N. P. Conrey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. James, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Bemis, and Mr. Clifford of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. August Marquis of West Twenty-fifth street entertained

about sixty members of the younger set Thursday evening with a dance in honor of their nephew, Mr. Jack Marquis. The ball room was decorated in mustard blooms, other appointments carrying out the yellow color scheme.

In honor of her son's bride, Mrs. Stuart McFarland Salisbury, who was formerly Miss Lois Chamberlain, Mrs. S. S. Salisbury of 2519 Sunset place entertained yesterday afternoon with a buffet luncheon for more than a hundred guests. Baskets of yellow and purple iris brightened the receiving rooms and the enclosed veranda. Receiving with Mrs. Salisbury and the guest of honor were Mrs. Lee Chamberlain, Mrs. W. B. Mathews, Mrs. Z. D. Mathuss, Mrs. J. J. Akin, Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. A. L. Danskin, Mrs. Frank P. Flint, Mrs. J. M. Clute, Mrs. Frederick Rindge, Sr., Mrs. W. E. McVay, Mrs. J. H. Braly, Mrs. H. Jevne, Mrs. W. C. Patterson, Mrs. Fred O. Johnson, Mrs. E. J. Price, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Seeley W. Mudd, Mrs. W. F. Young, Mrs. F. I. Terry, Mrs. Robert Wachthorn, Mrs. Giles Kellogg, Mrs. George Cadwallader, Mrs. George Wilson King, Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mrs. I. H. Howell, Mrs. Charles Anthony, and Mrs. E. S. Rowley.

This afternoon Mrs. Salisbury and her daughter-in-law are to be hostesses at a large tea, for which more than two hundred and fifty invitations have been issued. Receiving with them will be Mrs. Lee Chamberlain, Mrs. Henry Chamberlain, Mrs. David Bradley, Mrs. W. B. Mathews, Mrs. Thomas Ridgeway, Mrs. Harold Smith, Mrs. W. L. Graves, Jr., Mrs. John Stuart, Mrs. Z. D. Mathuss, Miss Lucy Clark, Miss Katherine Bashford, Miss Grace Uhl, Miss Gwendolyn Laughlin, Miss Margaret Mathews, Miss Muriel Stewart and Miss Gladys Williams.

Mrs. Walter R. Seabee of Resolano, South Pasadena, will leave June 1 for the East, where she will remain through the summer.

Mrs. John Hubert Norton of 834 West Twenty-eighth street, who has been in Los Angeles only a few weeks, having passed most of the year in New York, has returned to the metropolis, accompanied by her parents, Judge and Mrs. J. F. Van Doran. May 18 they will sail for London, and will probably devote the next year to touring the continent. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gage—the latter formerly Miss Amy Marie Norton—are occupying the Norton residence.

Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock Miss Marguerite Atwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Atwood of 1779 West Twenty-fifth street, became the bride of Mr. Thomas McCreary, son of the late Mrs. Domatilla Cohn. The bride wore a simple white gown draped with charmeuse satin, and carried a shower of lilies of the valley and bride roses. Miss Nita German was her only attendant and was garbed in a pink lingerie frock. Mr. Ben Holliday stood with the groom, and Rev. George H. Henry read the service. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. McCreary left for San Francisco, from which port they will sail May 10 for Honolulu. They plan to return to this city in about two months, and will live here permanently.

Cards have been issued by Mrs. Wayland Trask and her daughter, Miss Olive Trask of 1829 St. Andrews place, for a reception to be given Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Virginia Hooper Page of Denver, Colorado, is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKee of 1683 West Twenty-fourth street.

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They also have as house guest Mrs. Arthur Williams of Denver, Colorado, who has come west to be near her son, Ensign Charles Graham McCord of the U. S. S. Maryland, which is cruising along this coast.

Mrs. L. G. Somers and Mrs. John J. Gibson will give a large bridge party Wednesday afternoon at Mrs. Somer's home in Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Bresee of 1712 West Adams street have issued invitations for a card party for May 13.

Mrs. J. A. Prinsen of 868 Ardmore avenue was hostess Thursday afternoon at a luncheon in honor of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Harry Cleveland Smith, who is visiting here from Mexico. Covers were laid for sixty, and roses were utilized for decorations. After luncheon bridge was enjoyed. Those who accepted invitations were Mesdames Jose Macmanus, William Cavanaugh, George A. Ralphs, Frederick Sears, Theodore Stassforth, Jack Hamer, William Metzger, Ralph Hagan, Hugh McFie, F. W. Beau de Zart, Fred Hughes, Fred Hamer, W. P. O'Meara, William J. Morgan, Richard Stassforth, Adeline Egan, Wright Hoag, Horace Boller, R. T. Butterworth, S. Grant Goucher, Lucian Vogel, Stanford Parker, Charles Stauter, Frederick Stephenson, E. M. Crothers, Edward Cason, Walter Deering, William H. Faust, Edward Bannister, Robert Northam, W. T. Wheat, W. O. Morton, B. F. Blinn, Thomas Hayward, James Scott, W. H. Stewart, Robert Beattie, Harry Power, George Tilton, Edward Zobelein, M. W. Everhardy, R. B. Williamson, Thomas Stovel, C. M. Peirson and Albert Russell.

Mrs. J. Glenn Marks of 252 South Benton Way gave a bridge luncheon Tuesday afternoon, tables being arranged for twenty-two guests. Chrysanthemums and roses were used in the decorations.

Mrs. Edgar Lacey Swaine and Mrs. Cornelius van Alen Sidell will hold a

reception Saturday afternoon, May 11, at their Manhattan Place residence.

Mrs. P. D. Mason of 627 Westmoreland Place entertained with an informal bridge yesterday afternoon.

At high noon today Miss Edna Bloss will become the bride of Mr. Wallace Gordon at the home of Miss Bloss' sister, Mrs. E. J. Fleming of 2216 West Eighth street.

Mrs. C. F. W. Bruns of Wilshire boulevard will give a bridge luncheon Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Jennie Heartt, daughter of Mrs. Carl Doran, became the bride of Mr. Girard Richardson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Richardson of Piedmont Tuesday evening at a simple ceremony witnessed only by the parents of the principals. The wedding took place at St. John's Episcopal Church the rector, Rev. L. G. Morris officiating. The bride wore a gown of white satin embellished with chantilly lace. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and wore a long tulle veil. After the service a supper was served at the Doran home, to which a number of friends were bidden. At the bridal table a centerpiece of roses was used—the same blossoms being utilized in decorating the house. Mrs. Doran was assisted by Mrs. E. H. Miller, Mrs. George Rector, Mrs. Malone Joyce and Mrs. Ralph Shoemaker of Pomona. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson have left for a wedding journey, after which they will live in Piedmont. The bride is a graduate of the local high school and of Stanford and is a Gamma Phi Beta girl. Mr. Richardson is also a Stanford graduate, in addition to which he took a special course in the law school at Harvard. He is a Delta Kappa Epsilon man.

Mrs. Reuben Shettler of 3100 Wilshire boulevard entertained Tuesday evening for the "Jappyland" girls whom she is chaperoning. After a full dress rehearsal of their "Girls, Girls, Girls" number, an informal dance was

enjoyed. Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Shettler entertained with a birthday dinner, covers being laid for eight. The affair was in celebration of Mrs. Shettler's anniversary.

Mrs. Charles Richards of 500 West Adams street, and her daughters, Mrs. Francis Joseph Kanne and Miss Elizabeth Richards entertained Wednesday afternoon with a large bridge-tea at Hotel Alexandria, at which announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Richards to Dr. Warren Nichols Horton of this city. Bridge was played in the assembly rooms, and later tea was served in the dining room, where the tables were fragrant with sweet peas, places being marked with ribbon decked corsage bouquets, to which were fastened little announcements of the secret. Miss Richards is a girl of charming personality and one of the most popular members of the younger set. Dr. Horton is a Phi Chi man, is one of the surgical staff of the county hospital and also holds a chair in the surgery department of the University of Southern California. The wedding will take place in June.

In compliment to her sister, Mrs. Lucian H. Clark of New York city, who is her house guest, Mrs. Nicholas Milbank of 615 Coronado street gave a daintily-appointed tea Wednesday afternoon. Pink rosebuds and maiden-hair ferns, arranged in a silver basket formed the centerpiece for the tea-table which was laid with a Cluny lace cloth. The reception rooms were a bower of marguerites and roses, combined with ferns and potted plants. With Mrs. Milbank received Mrs. Paul Leo Schaefer, Mrs. Lewis Andrews, Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Mrs. Lawrence Burck, Mrs. Lyman Ross McFie, Mrs. Harold B. Brown, Mrs. Lloyd Moultrie, Mrs. Joseph F. Bumiller, Mrs. Frank Miller, Miss Mary E. LeZan and Miss Edna Cocks. Miss Josephine Bumiller, Miss Cora Cogswell, Miss Julia Wyman, Miss Evelyn Johnson and Miss Ellen Andrews presided over the punch bowl.

Miss Maud Wood of Sixth and Gramercy will entertain Tuesday with a bridge party for Miss Gladys Reynolds.

Mrs. Jacob Jepson of Arapahoe street was hostess at a bridge luncheon Wednesday afternoon. The small tables at which the guests were seated were decked with golden baskets brimming with yellow jonquils and tied with yellow satin bows. The place cards, which were afterward used as score cards, were hand-painted jonquils, with little pencils attached by a gold cord. Receiving with the hostess were her mother, Mrs. Louise B. Glass and her sisters, Mrs. Edwin S. Glass, Mrs. Clem S. Glass and Mrs. Roy V. Miller. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Jepson and her mother, Mrs. Louis Glass, gave a second luncheon, followed by five hundred. The arrangements and decorations were the same as those used at the first affair, tables being laid for sixty.

Miss Hazel Barlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Barlow, who is to marry Mr. Kenyon Farrar Lee June 25, has chosen her bridal party. Miss Evangeline Duque, Miss Blanche Kellie, Miss Eugene Stetson and Miss Laura McVay will be the bridesmaids, little Virginia Hazard will serve as flower girl, and Mr. Harold Ferguson, Mr. Marion Terry and Mr. Thomas Duque will be the groomsmen. Mr. Bradner Lee will act as best man.

Mrs. Horace B. Wing of 1017 Elden avenue gave an informal luncheon Friday afternoon.

In honor of Mrs. Trowbridge Eggleston, who is visiting Mrs. Walter Seebree, Mrs. Ernest V. Sutton and Mrs. Carl E. McStay entertained Thursday afternoon at Mrs. Sutton's home in South Pasadena with a bridge luncheon, covers being laid for sixty. The spring blossoms used carried out a color scheme of yellow. Places were arranged for Mrs. Charles Arnold, Mrs. Bisbee, Mrs. C. J. Balfour, Mrs. George Busch, Mrs. George W. Adams, Mrs. A. B. Cass, Mrs. C. A. Foster, Mrs. L. G. Catte, Mrs. Thomas Sanson, Mrs.

Frank Stokes, Mrs. Arthur Levitt, Mrs. Edward Hobart, Mrs. John Salisbury, Mrs. Frank Stokes, Mrs. A. E. Judd, Mrs. Robert Hardy, Mrs. Howard Kelly, Mrs. John Shank, Mrs. Jesse Cairn Shoebottom, Mrs. T. W. Bishop, Mrs. James Everhorn, Mrs. Charles Hudson, Mrs. Norman Marsh, Mrs. James Bryan, Mrs. Mary Stringfellow, Mrs. Harrison Gifford, Mrs. B. F. Huntington, Mrs. George Patterson, the total of a ear ago. The entire Mrs. Bert Mull, Mrs. O. B. Manchester, Mrs. Charles Rhome, Mrs. Harry Rose, Mrs. Frank Stephens, Mrs. S. J. Whitmore, Mrs. G. E. Grier, Mrs. Charles Monahan, Mrs. John D. Reavis, Mrs. Mrs. W. D. Newerf, Mrs. M. D. Halsey, Mrs. Seth Hart, Mrs. Marion Hoffman, Mrs. Laura Welfare, Mrs. Maud Tanner, Mrs. Lionel Ridpath, Mrs. A. B. Shaw, Mrs. Nell Mayhew, Miss Marie Crow, Miss Clara Bosbyshell and Miss Bertha Bosbyshell.

Wednesday afternoon the committee of well known society women who are to assist Mrs. Robert Wankowski and Mrs. Fred Hines at the reception and tea at Hotel Alexandria to be given for the wives of the visiting Shriners May 8, met at the hotel for a discussion of ways and means. After the business meeting tea was served. Those who comprise the membership are Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. Sterling S. Boothe, Mrs. Willis H. Booth, Mrs. Motley Flint, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Jaroslav von Schmidt, Mrs. W. T. Jeffries, Mrs. Robert Marsh, Mrs. H. G. Krohn, Mrs. L. J. Selby, Mrs. Loren D. Sale, Mrs. Oscar C. Mueller, Mrs. George H. Stewart, Mrs. Dwight Holt, Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth, Mrs. Leo Youngworth, Mrs. Perry Weidner, Mrs. Harry G. Holabird, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson and the Misses Poehler.

Mrs. Edward Bosbyshell and her little daughter have left for the Atlantic Coast, where they plan to remain for several months.

Mrs. Carrie Waddilove of 707 West Twenty-eighth street gave an informal luncheon Tuesday afternoon.

In honor of the "Red Rose" girls in the "Jappyland" production, Miss Edith Gillette of Shatto place entertained Tuesday afternoon with an informal tea.

Mrs. George A. Caswell gave a reception and tea Thursday afternoon for the graduating class of Marlborough school, and also for members of the alumnae.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchliffe of 1307 Crenshaw boulevard is at home after a five weeks' visit in the North.

STRAY THOUGHTS BY B. C. T.

I PRESENT an anecdote concerning John Mackay that has never been put in print. I never was strictly intimate with Mr. Mackay, and yet, we knew each other very well. He once invited Lawrence Barrett and me to dine with him at the Poodle Dog, in the best days of the latter, say, in the 80's, and he gave us his impressions of a number of the leading men of San Francisco. He declared that Flood had one of the loveliest dispositions he had ever known. "When Flood and O'Brien kept a saloon," Mr. Mackay said, "Mrs. Flood cooked the free lunch that was served and she and a Chinaman washed and wiped the pans and dishes. O'Brien was a bachelor, and one of the most moral and exemplary men I have ever known; he had a full barrel of promissory notes, none of which is worth a dollar; he and Senator John P. Jones have loaned more money without security than any ten thousand men in the United States." Fair, he said, had more ready cash than any man in San Francisco. Poor Ralston was not strictly a moral man, but he did more to advertise San Francisco than all the other rich men put together; he built the Palace hotel and also the

watch factory in Berkeley to advertise San Francisco. There are ways about Lucky Baldwin that no man can commend; and especially is he immoral; but he was the man who went to D. O. Mills and Sharon and made them each cover his million with a million and thus opened the Bank of California a few days after it had suspended operations; this act helped put on their feet forty banks that had closed their doors. Baldwin showed himself a hero. Sharon was acclaimed as the best poker player in San Francisco; he once raised Ralston \$25,000 on a pair of tens and Ralston hesitatingly laid down a pair of jacks. But I must not forget my anecdote. It was the practice of Mackay whenever he visited San Francisco in the last four or five years of his life to put fifty dollars in his pocket, upon leaving the Nevada bank, to loan on his way up from Pine street to the Palace—generally three tens, three fives and the remainder in silver dollars; and if he didn't get rid of it while slowly walking those four blocks, he would feel miserable and occasionally retrace his steps as far as the Lick House. "But," he added, "I generally had no trouble in getting rid of the whole

amount. There were down and out Nevada miners and others who laid for me every evening. These have been the happiest moments of my life." The last time I met Mr. Mackay was in London in 1889, and I remember that he said to me that Pasadena was the prettiest small city that he had ever seen, and that one day it would have 50,000 wealthy inhabitants; and he also declared that the Del Monte was the most delightful hotel in the world, so far as he had seen. He added that one day Southern California would have half a million people and that in less than fifty years Los Angeles would have a population of 100,000 and San Diego at least 50,000. Mr. Mackay was one of the most modest and one of the most lovable of all the California millionaires, and one of the best beloved. Several years before he became one of the big Bonanza Four he mined it in the lower levels on the Comstock for five dollars a day. He was very fond of John McCullough, the actor, and a short time after McCullough's death Mr. Mackay erected a magnificent monument over the actor's grave in the Laurel Hill cemetery on the banks of the Schuylkill near Philadelphia.

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Mizzi Hajos, the most infectious and diminutive of comediennesses, is tripping over the hearts of Los Angeles again at the Mason Opera house in that tuneful operetta, "The Spring Maid." The production is almost identical with that which reigned at this house for two weeks last season—except that the costumes and scenery have been brightened and renovated. There is much that is pleasing in "The Spring Maid"—not in the book, but in the sprightly melodies that abound. And the plump and piquant Mizzi, who plays with her part as though it were a toy, is a bewitching bit of femininity

consciousness much has been said, still plays Prince Aladar. His vocal work is acceptable, but his stage presence is unforgivable. Jack Raffael repeats his success as Prince Nepomuk, and Charles McNaughton, a new member of the company, plays Roland, the famous (sic) English tragedian. McNaughton's straining for laughter—of which he gets a goodly meed—makes him less effective in the role than his predecessor here. Dorothy Maynard's grace of movements makes up for her lack of pulchritude to a certain extent, although one feels like imploring her either to conceal her paucity of flesh with more cos-



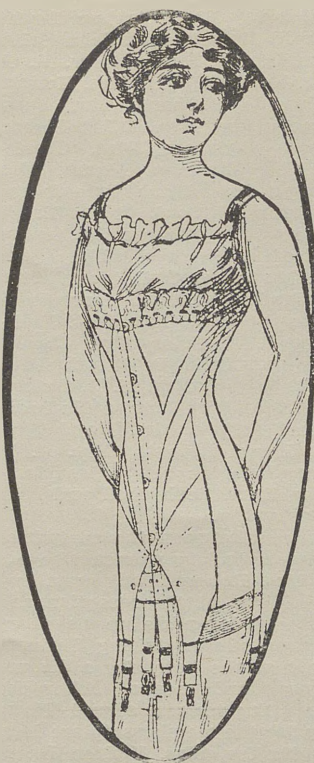
MARGARET ANGLIN, IN "THE GREEN STOCKING," AT THE MAJESTIC

—the sort that makes the Mason's feminine patrons murmur audibly at each entrance, "Ah, isn't she cute," in vocal italics of approbation. She is a clever little person, deliciously good to look upon, gracefully lissome in her dances, and pleasing to a high degree in her singing, which is better than last year, since she no longer forces her voice. So long as Mizzi Hajos is on the stage, the audience does not consider the merits or demerits of the production. George Leon Moore of whose posing and self-

tume, or to begin a diet of olive oil. The chorus is not overburdened with beauty, but it is well drilled and costumed.

"Cousin Kate" at the Majestic

Majorie Rambeau's personal popularity has never been questioned, and that its strength is unwaning was demonstrated Sunday night when she made her bow at the Majestic in "Cousin Kate," to an accompaniment of thunderous applause and quantities of flowers that made the stage look like the



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undertaking parlors in which reposed a highly respected corpse. Miss Rambeau has about her that fullness of magnetism and intensity of personal charm that gets over the footlights almost without effort on her part. She is rounded and pretty, and gowned in excellent taste and as Cousin Kate in Davies' saccharine comedy of that name she finds the best of personal opportunity. How Cousin Kate falls in love with her little cousin's fiance and gives him her promise before she knows his name—gives him up and then gets him back again—that is all there is to the comedy—but O, how the matinee girls will revel in that second act, wherein Heath Desmond and Cousin Kate steep themselves in romance, love and kisses, and build air castles in the firelight while the thunder and rain battle outside! With William Gibson, erstwhile Belasco favorite, playing Heath Desmond with Irish tempestuousness and gallantry, and making love as though he meant it, the scene fairly captivates the audience—even though it threatens to become cloying. Adele Farrington makes a brief appearance in the minor role of a maid, but her welcome almost equals that of the star. Miss Rambeau was unfortunate Sunday night in having missed cues and forgotten lines almost spoil several situations through the work of Lilly Burnett, playing Mrs. Spencer. Not only did Miss Burnett forget her lines, but she in no way suggested the character assigned to her. Arthur Morse overreaches himself as the Rev. James Bartlett, caricaturing the role until it loses all semblance to naturalness. Max Waizman is good as Bobby, and Pessie Sankey gives a pretty portrait of Amy Spencer. It is only Miss Rambeau and Mr. Gibson that give the play any semblance of success, however.

"Mission Play" at San Gabriel

Glorification of Father Junipero Serra is the keynote of the "Mission Play" which had its premier on any stage at San Gabriel last Monday night. Preliminary to speaking of the performance, however, it is well to give credit to the unbounded enterprise and enthusiasm displayed by John McGroarty, the author, Henry Kabiersky, the director and Ben Horning, the stage director. It is no small work to build a theater, equip it and decorate it in characteristic style, get together a company of about 100 persons, and from this material give a spectacular play in which hardly a fault could be found from the standpoint of production. The opening scene is laid on San Diego bay, where Father Junipero manifests

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his faith in the future of California; the second is at Monterey when the missions are at the height of their prosperity and the Franciscan padre is receiving the reports of the various mission heads, concluding with a spectacular festival in which much stagecraft is shown; the third act reveals the ruins of San Juan Capistrano and touches on the Gringo invasion. The advent and progress of the missionaries are well portrayed. The first two acts are closely connected and need but little work of the blue pencil. The dissensions at San Diego and the successes of Carmel are vividly depicted and staged in a way which would be a credit to the ensemble if every one were an experienced actor. The principal figure is Father Junipero Serra, impersonated by Ben Horning in a reverent and impressive manner. It is a pity one cannot write so enthusiastically of the third act. The same care and beauty of presentation is followed, but the author has not maintained the earlier promise of strength. At Capistrano a young woman declaims against the place passing into the hands of the Americans and is then killed by a chance shot, meanwhile having converted the purchaser of the lands to Catholicism.

Were this act re-planned and re-written, with more attention to the dramatic ends and possibly less to the poetic, the piece as a whole would stand as one of the most historic productions of pioneer American history. It is of particular interest to the west and every one, especially a Catholic, who is interested in the early history of California should witness it. The mounting, costuming and stage direction are elaborate and without the

usual gaucheries and delays attendant on new and partially amateur productions. The theater is unusual, with its surrounding rustic foyer showing replicas of the twenty-one missions. Following the above suggestion, the play could well be performed for a season every year. On this occasion it met the hearty approval of a large and enthusiastic audience.

W. F. G.

Madame X at the Burbank

When announcement was made that Muriel Starr was to have "Madame X" thrust upon her in the second week of her career at the Burbank, even the most ardent admirers Miss Starr has made since her debut—and they are legion—shuddered at the prospect. It is said that she herself quailed before the demands of Manager Morosco and tearfully pleaded to be released. But evidently Mr. Morosco was a better judge of his new "starr's" ability than any of us, for she fully justifies his belief in her in her picture of Jacqueline, the human derelict of Bisson's pen. As a play "Madame X" is not of great value. Its comedy characters are overdrawn, its construction is bad, and there are no brilliant lines to tickle the epigrammatist's palate. But in touching that keynote of the world—the love of a mother for her child—the dramatist builded well. Sunday afternoon's audience at the Burbank drowned itself in a sea of tears—the last act was given to an accompaniment of sniffs and nose-blowings that almost prevented one from hearing the actor's lines. Muriel Starr has the role of Jacqueline Floriot, who deserts her husband for her lover. She hears that her child is ill and returns home repentant—only to be thrust out by her husband. Jacqueline's pretty face assures her ease and comfort at first, but with each succeeding lover she falls lower, until finally she is a poor, drug-ridden wretch—the only spark still alive in her being love for her son and hatred of her husband. Discovering that her latest lover is about to blackmail her husband through her secret, she kills the man, and through the irony of fate her own son is appointed to her defense. He secures her acquittal, and her identity is revealed to him just in time to give her one happy moment before she dies. It is melodrama of the nth degree—not first class melodrama at that, and is saved from absurdity only by efforts of the actors and by that reverence for mother-love that is bred in all of us. It is a task of almost overwhelming difficulty that confronts Miss Starr—a fact clearly brought out by the contrast between her youthful comeliness in the first act, and the tawdry, aged weariness of her last appearances. Sunday afternoon she was not quite sure of herself—nevertheless, in the dramatic second act her picture of the haunted, diseased shadow was poignant—almost repulsive. Her last act was marred a trifle by nervousness and a lack of confidence, but its effect was big and stirring, the whole thing being a real achievement. Donald Bowles also has a different role, which he renders with a mechanical artistry that rouses his audience to wild applause at the proper moment, even though it lacks the touch of humanness. Forrest Stanley fails entirely in the first act to convey the idea of the grief-stricken husband—looking entirely too much like a young and prosperous broker without a care in the world. His later appearances are far better conceived. As Laroque, the adventurer, Charles Giblyn gives a Gallic picture of debonair charm, and Robert Leonard is unexcelled as Victor, the porter. John Burton and James Corrigan as a pair of rascals do their best with absurd caricatures. Henry Stockbridge is woefully miscast as Noel—a part to which he is in no way suited.

"A Man's World" at the Belasco

Rachel Crothers has written a woman's play in "A Man's World"—judg-

ing, of course, from the point of view. In construction and straight-forwardness she has almost a masculine touch. Her character-drawing is clean-cut and unconfused, she knows the people of whom she writes, and she paints them with deft word-touches. She has a story to tell and she unfolds it with clarity and truth, with tenderness and fire. Her men are men and her women are feminine—in fact the biggest charm of the play is its unstilted characterization. The story is of Frank Ware, who adopts the child of a weak and ruined girl who dies in Frank's Paris apartment when the child is born. The girl's story has revealed men in a new light to Frank, and she hates with all the strength of her bigness the spoiler who has blighted the woman and disgraced his child. On the death of her father Frank goes to New York, and formally adopts the wee "Kiddie." The inevitable happens. Frank is accused of being the boy's mother, and Malcolm Gaskell, the man who loves her, an elemental newspaperman of big emotions, demands that she deny this, admitting that he could not ask her to be his wife were it true. She assures him that Kiddie is not hers, except by law—then discovers that Gaskell is the boy's father. She judges him by the



May Boley, Lyceum

standard which he would have set for her, and sends him away. Men will not like the story of "A Man's World"—it is entirely too feminine in argument—an argument which they will dismiss without discussion. But even the masculine element is charmed by the craft of Miss Crothers' construction. The Belasco company is not fitted to handle the production insofar as its two principals are concerned. In appearance Miss Alice Johns is an ideal Frank, but not in the dignity of emotion—not in suggesting the sane, sweet soundness of Frank's mind. She lacks the warmth of personality and does not give the impression of "getting under the skin" of her part. Nor is Thomas MacLarnie suited for the role of Malcolm Gaskell. It needs an intensely virile, primitive man—the conqueror as well as the lover. MacLarnie is too stiff and too theatric to suit the part. Minor roles are exceedingly well rendered. Harry Mestayer gives a masterpiece of character delineation as Fritz, the gentle, idealistic musician, whose dog-like devotion to Frank is

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pitiful and whose defense of her is invigorating. Mestayer brings a lump into the throat with his unobtrusive pathos. Robert Ober is admirable as Emile, Hickman is refreshing as Wells Trevor, and little Gertrude Short, who played the part with Mary Mannering, gives the best depiction of childhood ever seen on a local stage as Kiddie. Undoubtedly, Roberta Arnold is doing the best work of her career as Leone Brune, jealous, fiery, tempestuous—yet

womanly, and Beatrice Nichols gives an excellent delineation of the weary woman who has failed in everything in life. The staging is good, and the play gets over in spite of the unsatisfactory work of the two principals.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Harry Girard makes his Orpheum debut this week, and almost succeeds in taking honors away from McIntyre and Heath, who are headliners on the

bill. Girard does not descend to popular songs or ragtime, but he makes a big hit, especially in Kipling's stirring "Danny Deever," and the wistful sweetness of "I Hear You Calling Me." McIntyre and Heath are dependent upon an exceedingly poor sketch for their laughs. The "Mrs. Malaprop" trick has been turned too often to be effective, and no longer extracts real mirth. They occasionally strike a note that suggests their oldtime laugh-making powers, but not often. The fact is that Otto Johnson, who has not a word to say, is funnier than his principals. While David Schooler and Louise Dickinson do not live up to the ambitious titles thrust upon them by their press agents, they appeal to the audience with their rendition of semi-popular selections, which they do exceedingly well. The Three Shelvey Boys are jointless creatures who do weird tricks of contortion that produce spine-shivers. Their feats are really remarkable and differ from the usual athletic offerings. Charles Kellogg's interesting act is held over, as are those of Ce Dora, the Whittakers and Art Bowen.

Offerings for Next Week

Charles Frohman will present Edmond Rostand's celebrated play, "Chantecler," at the Mason Opera House all next week. The title role in this widely-discussed production will be interpreted by Maude Adams. Few plays have received the attention lavished upon "Chantecler." Its opening night in Paris was one of the most memorable in the history of the theater in France. It is accepted as one of the greatest dramatic novelties of recent years, its characters being the birds, fowls and animals of the barnyard. A prelude delivered by Miss Adams gives the key to the drama. Chantecler believes in the nobility of work. Through the stately barnyard monarch Rostand tells the world that each must do the work God has mapped out; however often we are disappointed we must keep alive our faith in the day's task; perhaps with no gain to ourselves, but to make the way better for another and in the end, there will be no more night. Miss Adams has many of the most poetic passages of the drama, and her artistry in delivering such lines is well known. Surrounding her is a company of prominent players. The costumes were made in Paris after designs by John W. Alexander, the noted American painter. The success of the play has been immense, its novelty, picturesqueness and humor having made it a classic.

Henrietta Crosman will be seen in her great success, "The Real Thing," at the Mason Opera House the week beginning Monday, May 13.

For the second week of Marjorie Rambeau's highly successful engagement at the Majestic theater, this young actress will by popular request offer her greatest success, "Merely Mary Ann." Everyone who has seen Miss Rambeau in Zangwill's picture of Mary Ann, the poor, uneducated, but lovable little slavey of the cheap London lodging house, considers it her best work, while Miss Rambeau regards it as her favorite part. It was in this play that the actress leaped into instant favor as leading woman of the Burbank company. William Gibson will be seen in the part of the poor young composer, who finally falls in love with Mary Ann, and who refuses to attempt to win her hand after she becomes an heiress. Adele Farrington, Lloyd Bacon and the other members of Miss Rambeau's supporting company will be cast to excellent advantage. With the presentation of "Merely Mary Ann," which doubtless will attract audiences of large proportions, Miss Rambeau will close her engagement at the Majestic and will be followed by Margaret Anglin in "Green Stockings." Miss Anglin has scored a pronounced success in this new and original comedy in the east. Heretofore, we have seen her tearing passion

to tatters, but in her new play she becomes a comedienne. Her leading man is H. Reeves-Smith, one of the best of light comedians.

With the thousands of visiting Nobles of the Mystic Shrine in possession of Los Angeles for the week, the Belasco finds an appropriate offering in Leo Detrichstein's fun-success, "Are You a Mason?" This farce is no



Marjorie Rambeau, Majestic

stranger to theatergoers, but it is a repeater which never fails to draw crowded houses. It concerns a staid old married man of Rockford, who explains his absences from home by claiming attendance upon Masonic meetings. He visits his daughter in New York, and finds that his son-in-law has been using the same excuse. When the two pseudo-Masons meet the fun begins, and until the final drop of the curtain there is no pause in the hilarity. Following "Are You a Mason," the Belasco management announces the return of Lewis S. Stone for a special engagement. Stone's initial appearance will be in "The Virginian," made known here by Dustin Farnum. He is the most popular lead-



Grace Avery, Orpheum

ing man the Belasco has ever housed, and his reception Monday night, May 13, will undoubtedly be a rousing one.

Muriel Starr, Donald Bowles and others of the Burbank company have achieved a tremendous triumph in the first stock production of Bisson's world famous drama "Madame X," and a second week of the play will begin Sunday matinee. It is a tribute to the worth of the organization that scores of persons who have witnessed the traveling presentations of the drama pronounce the Burbank offering far

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superior in many ways. Miss Starr is giving a poignant picture of the central figure of the drama, and Donald Bowles is equally successful as the boyish lawyer, while other members of the company are doing work of individual excellence. As soon as the public shows that it is through with "Madame X," Laurette Taylor, one of the cleverest of the younger stars, will begin a special engagement with the Burbank company. Her first appearance will be in her original part in "Seven Sisters," the comedy that was presented by Daniel Frohman with great success in New York.

Beginning Sunday matinee, May 5, Fischer's Follies Company will put on at Fischer's Lyceum the funniest of recent musical comedies, "Tillie's Nightmare," with May Boley as Tillie. "Tillie's Nightmare" has been seen here only once, with Marie Dressler, but it made a great success. May Boley should have the best opportunity of her career in the Dressler part. The show will find her as the center of all the action, and the combination of "Tillie" and "May Boley" should make a new record for laugh production. Laura Oakley's rich contralto should be impressive in the part of the Voice; Texas Guinan will be seen as Maud Blobs, Jane Urban will play Peroxia Snow, the vaudeville damsel, Herbert Cawthorne will play Sam Pettingill, Bob Lett will be Harvey Tinker, Madison Smith will be Smiley Bragg, and the other principals will be well cast. To hear May Boley sing "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl" should be worth the price of admission.

For Shriners' week, the Orpheum has prepared a bill with an eye to pleasing the wearers of the fez. McIntyre and Heath will divide the week with two skits, "Georgia Minstrels" and "The Man from Montana." The new English comedian, Lucy Weston, will bring a budget of clever songs, with a new gown for each. Another feature is the Seamus MacManus players, a group of Irish actors personally selected by the writer to perform his new play, "The Lad from Largymore." John J. Henshaw, musical comedy and vaudeville veteran, reappears with Grace Avery in "Strangers in a Strange Flat," a skit written by Mr. Henshaw, which is said to be vastly diverting. The Stewart Sisters and their escorts, a sextette of clever dancers, will entertain, and Wentworth, Vesta and Teddy—last of the five new acts—will offer acrobatic stunts. Holdovers are Master David Schooler and Louise Dickinson, and the Shelvey

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 311.69 acres, within the Santa Barbara National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1908 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on July 15, 1912. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1912, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N½ of NW¼ of NW¼, the NE¼ of NW¼, the E½ of SE¼ of NW¼, the S½ of SW¼ of NE¼, the NW¼ of SE¼, Sec. 27, the NE¼ of NE¼ of NE¼, Sec. 28, T. 5 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., except a strip 15 feet wide off the north side thereof, the net area being 148.87 acres, application of Robert E. McChesney, R.F.D. No. 10, Box 158 A, Los Angeles, California; List 5-1012. The W½ of SW¼, Sec. 25, the N½ of SE¼, Sec. 26, T. 5 N., R. 13 W., except a strip 16½ feet wide off the north side thereof, net area 158.50 acres. John G. Warfield, of 2712 Kenwood Ave., Los Angeles, California, applied for the NE¼ of SE¼, Sec. 26, and W½ of SW¼, Sec. 25 on June 23, 1908, and Jasper L. Morey, of 6112 Aldama St., Los Angeles, California, applied for the entire area on September 11, 1911; List 5-1014. The N½ of NW¼ of Lot 5, Sec. 6, T. 3 N., R. 15 W., 4.32 acres, application of Walter Park, of Newhall, California; List 5-1017.

Approved April 23, 1912.
S. V. PROUDFIT,
Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Boys; there will be new motion views, and the music will be Shrine-like. Next week come two stars, Blanche Walsh in "The Thunder Gods," and Katharine Grey in "Above the Law."

Asides

Alexander Heineman, court singer to the Emperor of Germany, comes to the Auditorium for two concerts, one the night of May 14, the other the afternoon of May 18.

Madame Estelle Heartt-Dreyfuss, one of the best known of Los Angeles vocalists, will give a public recital at the Woman's Club House Friday night, May 24, offering a specially prepared program on the Rhymes and Rhythms of the Romany.

At the Auditorium May 16 and 17, afternoon and evening, the public schools of Los Angeles will present a May Music Festival.

Books

"O. K. by Uncle Sam" means that the highest present authorities of the nation, upon the activities of the various departments of "The American Government," have passed upon the statements of Frederick J. Haskin with regard to each branch. President Taft has approved the chapter giving a peep at the daily round of the chief executive; James Sherman finds the account of the senate both interesting and correct; Secretary Knox attests to the accuracy of the outline of the division of labor between the cabinet, diplomatic and consular services in the department of state; Wiley, Wilson, Wood, Wickersham, Barrett, Goethals, Hitchcock, Clark, Putnam and so on—it is an impressive list of testimonials. The volume does not pretend to deal exhaustively or technically with any one branch of governmental functioning, nor to theorize on the history or possibilities for further development, but gives a fair idea of the general program of great national endeavors—and a few of the trivialities. Among the curious and fascinating things noted are the processes of making money of various denominations; the wonder of construction in the Panama Canal project; the dream of a Pan-American union; the romance of the postage stamp, of which now more than 1,000 for every man, woman and child in the country are issued each year, and methods of handling all classes of mail—in fact the chapter on the postal service is one of the most entertaining and informative in the book. How many know that a "return registry card" must be requested, and why? How many know what this simple matter tells of Hitchcock's record as postmaster? Next, perhaps, in general interest and value is the recital of the widely varying and altruistic labors of the interior department. So numerous and important are these that there are special chapters devoted to the patent office, the geological survey and others, nearly related in character of work. The description of Washington, and especially of the congressional library with its almost human "book carriers" and millions of books is the most romantic of realism, that inspires a new respect for the national capital and a desire to see it. Thirty chapters cover sufficient ground for the development of a library, not the least interesting being that concerning the growth of the political campaign in the United States. This is a book that by reason of its condensation and comprehensiveness will be most valuable for quick reference; and cannot fail to interest both the younger folk and their elders. ("The American Government." By Frederick J. Haskin. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"How to Save Money"

Every one recognizes the force and advantage of a bank account, however small. To the majority of wage earners this means dollar savings, or less, systematically laid aside by self-denial. And on this subject Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., who has given a whole volume of suggestions, containing much really good advice on "How to Save Money," lays down this rule—"that it is the duty of every one who can save, to save all he can, provided he does not sacrifice a greater duty by so doing." He recognizes what many another writer on the subject does not, that for the young man or woman, trying to meet living expenses on \$8 or \$10

a week (while it may be possible), it takes the sternest heroism and may even result in certain instances in doubtful gain; while to the man or woman supporting a family the saving that means starvation or the stunting of spiritual development is not the virtue it may be regarded by many. He addresses himself rather to the extravagance of the younger members of society, who regard desire synonymous with need—and these instances are not so hard to distinguish as it might seem—and consequently always live beyond their means. Those who live merely to gratify foolish ideas of dress, show, entertainment and the like. For the small wage earner he recommends the savings bank as the safest and surest aid, and within the reach of almost every one. After the first \$50 or \$100, which every one knows is the supreme effort and test of one's ability to save, since riches grow faster in company, Mr. Fowler passes on to consider the various kinds of investments, and the relative merits of government, state, municipal and town bonds, of bank and industrial stocks, of mortgages, insurance and real estate or business ventures. Speculation and "wild cat," "get-rich-quick" schemes at high risk received attention, and the small investor is placed in possession of certain signs and charts by which he may learn to distinguish between the legitimate and safe investment and the fraudulent imitation or risky speculative venture. The book aims to develop the thrifty instinct in young and old alike, and bears out actual experience generally along these lines. ("How to Save Money." By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Magazines for May

Benjamin Brooks' article on "The Power Planters," which opens the May Scribner's should prove of unusual interest to Southern Californians, giving as it does an insight into the inner works of harnessing the water powers in the San Joaquin Valley. Another feature of this "Water Power" issue is David B. Rushmore's story of the construction of the Roosevelt Dam at Arizona. In "A Ditch in the Desert" Roscoe Schrader writes of and illustrates the Owens River project, and in "The Deepest Siphon Tunnel in the World" Robert K. Tomlin is of absorbing interest. John Fox, Jr., continues his serial, "The Heart of the Hills," Arthur Ruhl has a quaint tale, "Out There," E. W. Hornung writes another "Witching Hill" story, A. E. W. Mason nears the end of "The Turnstile," there are several verses and the usual departments.

William Allen White is an important contributor to the American Magazine for May, and in "Should Old Acquaintances Be Forgotten" he deals with the state of affairs between Roosevelt and Taft. Ida M. Tarbell continues her new series with "The Irresponsible Woman and the Friendless Child," there is a further installment of La Follette's Autobiography, and another chapter or two of H. G. Wells' "Marriage." Hugh Fullerton, the baseball writer, starts a new series with "Freak Plays," Ray Stannard Baker writes of "A Revolutionary Strike," Nicholas Vachel Lindsey is refreshing in his "Rules of the Road," Will Irwin has a short story, "Youth Will Be Served," Kathleen Norris has a new story, "Bridging the Years," Phillip E. Curtiss is responsible for

A Standard Bond

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PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC GENERAL AND REFUNDING 5% BONDS
Dated December 1st, 1911 Due January 1st, 1942

SECURITY: These bonds are issued under a direct mortgage, covering all the property of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company. They are followed by preferred and common stock with a market value of over \$30,000,000.

TERRITORY: The operations of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company cover approximately 33,000 square miles. The population of this territory amounts to 1,350,000, or about 55% of that of the entire State.

ORGANIZATION: The Pacific Gas & Electric Company ranks as one of the largest and most successful public service corporations in the United States. Its finances are on a sound and permanent basis, fairly comparable to that of the larger railroad systems.

EARNINGS: The gross earnings for 1911 amounted to \$14,682,669. The net earnings for the last three years have been approximately double interest charges.

MARKETABILITY: This issue is listed on the San Francisco Exchange, and application has been made for listing on the New York Exchange. The bonds are one of the most readily marketable public service corporation securities of California.

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"The Man Who Knew Life," and other features are Walter Pritchard Eaton's stage stories, "The Pilgrim's Scrip," "Interesting People," and "In the Interpreter's House."

W. Morgan Shuster, upon whom the international limelight has been playing, is represented in Century for May with an article on "Persian Women in the Recent Crisis." Maurice Francis Egan begins a series on St. Francis of Assisi; Bruce B. McCay has "The Judicial Recall," and other discussions are Oscar Underwood's "High Tariff and American Trade Abroad," "Chicago, by Henry B. Fuller," "The Mediterranean," by O. W. Firkins, "Albert Besnard," by Armand Dayot, "Portrait of Mrs. J. W. L., by W. G. von Glehn, "The American Undergraduate," by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, "The Police Courts of New York," by Frederick Trevor Hill, "Henry James," by Jacques Emile Blanche, "Robert Browning," by William Lyon Phelps, "Letters From Browning," "The American National Red Cross," "The Middle West," "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," etc. Fiction is provided by William J. Locke, F. Hopkinson Smith, Marshall Hilsley, L. Frank Tooker, and several others.

"Sunset: the Pacific Monthly" tells of the annual rose festival in Portland, through the pen of Samuel M. Evans. Glimpses of Panama are given by Thomas Grand Springer and Fleta Campbell Springer in "The Water-way of Wonder," Randall R. Howard offers "The Motorist and the Mountain," and A. Phanne tells of baseballers-horticulturists in "The White Sox Orchards." Department offerings, verses, the development section and motor notes are entertaining, as are "Western Personalities" and "Little Stories of the West." Fiction is provided by Peter B. Kyne in "The Devil Ship," "Kitty," by Gerard Maclellan, "Giles Reincarnation Agency," by John Fleming Wilson, and "Captain of His Soul," by Edmund Mitchell.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
014591
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 16, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Dorothy Roche, whose post-office address is 1017 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 12th day of January, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 014591, to purchase the Se¼ SE¼ Sec. 15; S½ SW¼ Sec. 14; NE¼ NW¼, Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$320.00 and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of May, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
014158
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 15, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph Gioia, whose postoffice address is No. 801 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 1st day of November, 1911, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 014158, to purchase the S ½ SW¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$160.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of June, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Stocks & Bonds

Stewart issues holding ex dividend firmly above par, Mexican preferred at the same figure, the common with a high record better than 71, American Petroleum common having gained better than \$7 a share since the last report, Associated up \$4 and back to a loss of about half its gain, have been the features of a Stock Exchange trading week that looks very much like a real bull market, at least among the better class of petroleums. The Graphic in its financial review last Saturday predicted a big splurge in the Doheny Americans, and these issues came to the point in a manner that proved a surprise, to say the least. While there has been another sag in Associated, after its recent sensational gain, the indications point strongly to undercurrent conditions that should insure the shares a safe purchase for a turn.

Among the bank stocks the best performer of the week has been First National which is firm at 700, with little stock to be had. German American Savings, manipulated upward because of additional capital raising, also is strong at about the best of recent high prices. Citizens National sold this week as high as 250, with shares held strongly and little stock in sight. The remainder of the list indicates a firmness that speaks volumes for financial conditions as a whole.

Rice Ranch, among the Santa Maria oils, was tilted ex dividend this week three points, and at this writing it is beginning to look as if the stock will reach much higher levels before long, for while it is insisted by the inside that there is to be no immediate increase in the monthly dividend of 1½ per cent, the company is earning in excess of its entire share capital yearly. Evidently, additional lands are to be acquired with a surplus, which at this time is high up in five figures. There is nothing doing yet in Western Union or Central.

Doheny Mexicans, after reaching 72, New York quotations, in the common, and better than par for the preferred, took a tumble to 65 for the first named and about 93 for the latter. There was a healthy reaction later, and these shares should be acquired on all breaks.

Among the cheaper oils California Midway, Jade, and National Pacific are soft. Olinda and Penn Midway are higher than either has shown in months.

Industrial shares are weak, due to the usual annual rate tinkering at the city hall. The Edisons are being supported from the inside and the telephones are not being guarded for the time. Home common is in demand and the preferred should be taken on for a pull. One of these days there is certain to be a sharp upturn in that issue that will be well worth while.

There is nothing doing in the bond list. The cheaper mining shares continue to act as if they embrace an opportunity to work upward.

Buyers and sellers options are being traded in on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, which is a return to the former put and call privileges, discarded a few months ago, under another designation. The idea bids fair to act as a stimulant when the market

is in need of an accelerating influence. Money conditions continue ideal in every way.

Banks and Bankers

First National Bank stock has broken all records by bringing \$700 a share on the exchange.

Many interesting features are planned for the California Bankers' convention to be held at Long Beach May 23, 24 and 25. Delegates from all parts of the state will gather at Hotel Virginia, which has been named headquarters for the conclave.

More than \$250,000 was on deposit in the Postal Savings Bank April 24.

After May 6 the Union National Bank of Pasadena will be known as the Union Trust & Savings Bank.

April bank clearings show an increase of \$18,361,270, compared with the total of a year ago. The entire clearings for the month aggregated \$97,792,093.13.

Savings deposits of the state banks in Chicago as of April 19, 1912, total approximately an increase of about \$2,300,000 compared with the amount under date of Feb. 21, 1912.

As the first step in the money trust investigation the committee on banking and currency has announced that it had sent to more than 30,000 banks a request for detailed information upon all phases of their business and their relations with other institutional, state private and savings banks in its inquiry as well as loan and trust companies. Reports are asked for showing conditions at the close of business April 30.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Railroad reports for March are not anything like so favorable as expected. Atchison made a poor report last Thursday, and later the Harriman lines both showed poorer earnings both gross and net than for the corresponding month in either 1911 or 1910. Union showed March gross of \$6,104,521, a decrease of \$153,475 compared with March, 1911, and net dropped from \$2,104,927 last year to \$1,661,042, a decrease of 21 per cent. For the nine months Union is \$4,135,000 behind last year in gross, and net is \$3,740,000, or 13.3 per cent below 1911. Southern Pacific is in a little better position. March gross decreased only \$260,000, or less than 2½ per cent, and net decreased \$214,000, or a trifle over 7 per cent against 21 per cent for Union. For the nine months gross is just \$193,000 behind the same period of last year, amounting to \$99,464,337, but net is nearly \$3,000,000 less, with total of only \$30,496,075, against \$33,243,000 last year, a dropping off of nearly 9 per cent.

Santa Monica has authorized the issuance of \$43,000 in bonds for the construction of a garbage incinerator and the extension of the outfall sewer.

William R. Staats Company of Los Angeles has acquired the recent school bonds issue of \$27,000 of the Newport Beach district.

Oxnard will issue \$30,000 in bonds for the acquisition of a municipal lighting system. The bonds are of \$500 each, bearing 5% interest, payable semi-annually.

Directors of the American Tobacco company are planning for the common shareholders of that corporation a large

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

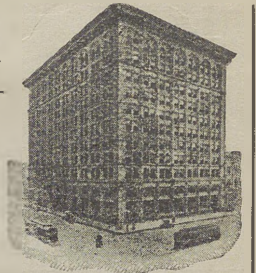
Largest and Oldest Savings Bank in the Southwest

Resources.....\$45,000,000

Capital and Reserve... \$3,300,000

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EQUITABLE BRANCH, in Equitable Building, is maintained for accommodation of Depositors, Borrowers and Others



Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 67.50 acres, within the Angeles National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on July 15, 1912. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1912, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The SE¼ of SW¼, the NE¼ of SE¼ of NE¼ of SW¼, Sec. 33, T. 3 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., 52.50 acres, application of Pedro Lugo, R. F. D. No. 2, Los Angeles, California; List 5-955. The SE¼ of SE¼ of SW¼, the E½ of SW¼ of SE¼ of SW¼, Sec. 33, T. 2 N., R. 12 W., 15 acres, application of Arthur F. Ahlstrom, R. D. No. 2, Pasadena, California; List 5-990. Approved April 23, 1912.

S. V. PROUDFIT,
Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

and pleasing melon, which will become ripe within the next three years. This will be worth about \$14,661,394, or 36.4 per cent on the existing \$40,242,000 common stock, and is the result of a clause in the federal dissolution decree, which has apparently been forgotten in the excitement attending the recent partitioning of the Tobacco stocks.

San Diego will hold a special election May 7 to vote on the question of issuing bonds for the following purposes: \$80,000 for fire department apparatus; \$120,000 for a city sewer system; \$55,000 for street improvement; \$340,000 for extension of the water system; \$75,000 for playgrounds; \$10,000 for comfort stations.

Glendale will call an election for voting on an issue of \$30,000 for erecting a school in North Glendale.

Coronado will issue bonds for \$80,000 for the construction of a high school building.

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RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 256.75 acres, within the Santa Barbara National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on July 15, 1912. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1912, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N¼ of N¼ of Lot 3, the S¼ of NW¼ of Lot 3, the SW¼ of NE¼ of Lot 3, the W¼ of SW¼ of Lot 3, the E½ of E½ of Lot 4, the SW¼ of SE¼ of Lot 4, the N¼ of NE¼ of Lot 5, the SW¼ of NE¼ of Lot 5, the NW¼ of SE¼ of Lot 5, the E½ of NW¼ of Lot 5, the SW¼ of Lot 5, Sec. 6, T. 4 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., 64.25 acres, application of H. A. Haynes, of 2705 Dennison Villa, Los Angeles, California; List 5-893. The W¼ of SW¼ of NW¼, Sec. 14, the SE¼ of NE¼, Sec. 15, T. 4 N., R. 13 W., 60 acres, application of Leonard R. Ruiz, of Acton, California; List 5-898. The S¼ of SE¼, the E½ of SE¼ of SW¼, Sec. 17, T. 4 N., R. 17 W., 100 acres, application of Juan Espinoza, of Piru, California; List 5-918. The E½ of NE¼ of SW¼, the NW¼ of NW¼ of SE¼, the NW¼ of NW¼ of NW¼ of SE¼, Sec. 25, T. 5 N., R. 14 W., 32.50 acres, application of Herman F. Melien, of Acton, California; List 5-919. Approved April 23, 1912.

S. V. PROUDFIT,
Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Not coal lands.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., 010181

April 29, 1912.
NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob H. Richter, of Sawtelle, Cal., who, on April 14, 1910, made Homestead Entry, No. 010181, for S¼SE¼, NW¼SE¼, SW¼NE¼, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 11th day of June, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Henry Mundell, Nora H. Mundell, Charles M. Decker, Martha Decker, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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IN LOS ANGELES
N. E. Cor. Second and Main

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Surplus, \$25,000.

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S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

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V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
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Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

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W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,825,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
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